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THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Summer has fled!
Her flowers are dead.
The Winter waits
At Autumn's gates,
With snowy pall
To shroud them all.

Brief are the days
Of November haze.
The sun sleeps long
For there's no bird song,
His rest to break
With its sweet "awake!"

Brown is the grass
That we crush and pass;
Brown are the leaves
That drop from the eaves,
Of gold roofed trees
At touch of the breeze.

Where frost stepped down
There are foot prints brown,
That the sun and rain
Will wash in vain.
But the Spring will come
With its joyful hum.

The smile of God
Will bright the sod;
The frost and snow
Into beauty blow.
Blessed are we
That we should see

Such marvels here
From year to year.
Thrice blest we'd be,
Could we perfectly
Read what is writ
As the seasons flit.

And mark the days
With grateful praise.
Thanksgiving then
In the hearts of men,
Would endless be
As eternity.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

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"THEN LET YOUR LOVE CONQUER," HE CRIED, TAKING HER IN HIS ARMS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THEY FIRST MET.

On the evening of a bright summer day, some few years ago, a fair-haired, handsome, frank-looking traveler, with a knapsack slung from his shoulder, wended his way up the mountainous road leading from Windermere to Keswick.

Stopping to rest and to admire the magnificent scenery by which he was surrounded, he became oblivious to the flight of time, and scarcely conscious of sunset, until distant objects began to fade, and the twinkling stars in the deep blue heavens warned him of coming night, and of the fact that he was unprovided with sleeping quarters.

Hastening his footsteps, he trudged on his solitary way. Happening, however, to look back, he saw, advancing up the road, the slender figure of a young girl. He paused, and waited until she came up, in the hope of learning from her the nearest inn between that and Keswick, which he knew must be some miles distant.

It was a pretty, lithesome figure he watched tripping lightly up the steep pathway, clothed in a tasteful costume, which left a doubt as to the rank of the wearer. Her face was interesting, and surmounted as it was by a wealth of light chestnut hair, falling in natural masses, untrammeled save by a ribbon, upon her neck and shoulders. The features were well formed and flushed with health and exercise.

The pedestrian inquired, in his blandest tones, for an inn, nearer than Keswick, where he could put up for the night.

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a frank smile; "my father's house is not more than a mile from here, and I have no doubt he will be able to accommodate you. Our house is very humble, but it will save you four miles' walk."

As they went along he talked of the beauty of the country and of the places he had visited. Her answers were intelligent, and her manners altogether far above those of a country innkeeper's daughter.

They stopped before an old-fashioned building, with pointed thatched roof and latticed window, half inn, half farm, which nestled under the shadows of a towering hill, bleak and barren, as though tempest-swept of all vegetation. Before the door swung a sign-board, bearing the legend "The Waterfall."

Mine host, John Paulton, was a burly Cumberland man, rough, but kindly and hospitable like all his race; his wife was a buxom, homely dame; and the young pedestrian soon discovered that he had fallen into very snug quarters.

He not only remained there that night, but for many days and nights afterwards. There was nothing remarkable in a traveler lingering there for a day or two; many had done so before, for it was situated almost in the very centre of the Lake district; it was peculiarly favorable for excursions to the various picturesque and interesting spots, and was frequently preferred to the crowded hotels of Keswick. But there was something more than this in Andrew Marney's long sojourn at "The Waterfall." He had fallen madly in love with the innkeeper's daughter.

In the busy world he might have struggled against this infatuation perhaps; there it could never have taken hold of him; its discrepancy with his social position would have been too glaring. But in this wild abode of primitive nature, as untrammeled by artificial conventionalities as it was when the shepherd kings led their flocks through the valleys of the Nile, among the wild trees, the deep valleys, the roaring waterfalls, no such restrictions could possibly exist. Here he was living in another world, and the manners and distinctions of that which he had just left seemed to him as unreal as a story of Fairyland, or the history of Lilliput.

On a certain date he had promised to meet an old college friend, James Armstrong, at Keswick. He went thither on the appointed day, arranging to return to his old quarters the next morning, with his guest.

He was true to his appointment. They had been at Eton together, and afterwards at Cambridge, where, although youths of utterly dissimilar temperament, they conceived an immense liking for each other.

That same night, over a bottle of claret, Andrew made a free confession of his passion. Armstrong's advice was that he should leave the neighborhood at once—called the feeling a mad infatuation that could bring only trouble upon both himself and the young girl.

"Return to London at once," he said; "in the bustle and gaiety of society you will soon forget this rustic beauty."

"Never!" answered Andrew, firmly; "the artificialties of the world, as we are pleased to style it, would only inspire me with disgust and a longing to return to a wholesome atmosphere such as this."

"This Hebe must be an extraordinary creature, to take such a hold upon your imagination, or your heart, whichever you please," said his companion, laughing.

"I can forgive you your jest," replied Andrew, seriously, "because you have never seen her—because, in your ignorance, you have no other standard of comparison than such country innkeeper's daughters as you have met. But dress Bertha Paulton in jewels and satins, and usher her into a drawing-room, and she would, by beauty and natural grace, hold her own against the best blood in the room. I have often heard of Nature's nobility, but having never, until now, met any representatives of the class, I was sceptical of its existence, until I met it here."

"And are her father and mother, and her uncles and aunts, ladies and gentlemen of Nature also?" asked Armstrong, sarcastically.

Andrew hung his head, and before he could frame a reply he resumed, in a more feeling tone:

"My dear Andrew, that is as important a point as the lady herself, were you to marry her—and I do not think you could harbor any evil design against one whom you believe to be so worthy of your love."

Andrew made a vehement sign of disapproval of such a suspicion.

"Were you to marry her, I repeat," he went on, "to cut her relations would be snobbish—to receive them into your society would be impossible. You are the heir to a baronetcy. Your own set—that is, the ladies of your set—would not receive an innkeeper's daughter as Mrs., and hereafter, Lady Marney—and what but wretchedness to both could come out of such a false position?"

"You shall see her, and judge for yourself whether my infatuation is such a madness as you are pleased to consider it," replied Andrew, sharply.

With these words they finished the conversation.

The next morning, Andrew, accompanied by his friend, returned to "The Waterfall," where both received the heartiest and kindest reception. Andrew was by this time quite at home in the old mountain inn, and had become a great favorite with all its inhabitants. The host and hostess were good, hearty people, rough and homely it is true, but staunch and honest.

Up to this period he had never spoken one word of love to Bertha, although her woman's instincts had probably penetrated his secret, for she had of late grown more reserved in his presence, and beneath his regard the warm blood would steal over her feace. He longed to speak, but dared not. Oh, how he execrated in his heart the artificial distinctions of caste; how he wished that he were a shepherd upon the hills—a man in her own station of life, who could go boldly to John Paulton and ask for his daughter in marriage; who could ask her for her love, without any dark afterthought haunting him!

With a lover's impatience, he eagerly demanded Armstrong's opinion before he had been five minutes in her presence.

"Give me four-and-twenty hours, and then I will tell you," was the answer.

He awaited his decision with more anxiety than he would care to have acknowledged even to himself, for, although only two years older than Andrew, he possessed a far keener intelligence, a greater knowledge of human nature, and a clearer judgment.

The specified time elapsed towards evening on the second day of their sojourn at the inn, and they strolled out upon the mountain side, so that their conversation might be more free.

"I think she fully deserves all the eulogiums you have passed upon her," began Armstrong. Andrew seized his hand in a transport of gratitude. "But," he continued, checking him, "that does not in the least invalidate the arguments I have used against such a *mesalliance*. She is certainly one of the most lovable creatures I ever met, with a fascination all the more powerful from its utter unconsciousness and indescribability. That such a child should be born of such dissimilar parents is certainly a strange freak of nature."

"Suppose she should not be their child?" cried Andrew, eagerly grasping at the suggested thought that suddenly seized upon his imagination. "She is quite unlike in features, and, indeed, in every particular, her reputed parents. Suppose that——"

"Suppose that she should be a fairy, or a princess in disguise, or the long lost and ever mourned daughter of some ducal house, or any other creation of a romantic brain?" he answered, impatiently.

Nevertheless from that hour Andrew could never get the wild dream out of his head. Perhaps he never tried to; perhaps he rather fostered it. It was a sort of apology for his love.

After that evening the subject was not again touched upon between them for some time. They passed the days in long pedestrian tours over mountain and valley and rising upland, and all the most interesting portions of the district, till the period allotted for their holiday expired.

Andrew looked into his heart long and earnestly—probed its inmost recesses with the stern inflexibility of a judge. He asked of it: "Is this but a passing infatuation, or is it indeed a true and constant love?"

And on that testimony he resolved to speak, to declare his love.

It was to be the last day of their sojourn at "The Waterfall." The next morning he and Armstrong were to walk to Windermere, and thence take train to London. The latter had gone over to Keswick to visit some friends who were sojourning there, and Andrew remained at the inn alone.

Every Tuesday Bertha went down to Ambleside upon some business for her father, and came back in the evening. It was when returning from one of these expeditions that their first meeting took place. This day was Tuesday. She had gone as usual, and towards evening he strolled down the mountain, intending to wait for her beside the lake.

He sat down upon a piece of rock, and with his gaze fixed upon the downward path, watched and waited. The days had grown shorter since he last sat there, and ere she came the sun had set, and the young moon was high above his head, changing the purple, gold and velvet tints to silver gray; a mist crept up from the valley, blurring the forms of things, and rendering them indistinct.

By-and-bye, he heard footsteps and voices, and then he saw two figures slowly winding up the narrow gorge. He rose up eagerly and vexedly, for he feared that it was Bertha, with some companion. A sharp turn in the path hid them for a moment from his sight; then he saw Bertha coming towards him *alone*. He ran forward to meet her, and then looked round.

"I thought I saw some one with you?" he said.

"John, the shepherd, came a little way up the hill-side with me," she answered, quickly.

John, the shepherd! The form that he saw indistinctly through the mist did not much resemble the heavy, lumbering figure of John, the shepherd; but he was too delighted, after his momentary chagrin, to find her alone, to bestow a second thought upon such an unimportant point.

She sat down upon the piece of rock from which he had just risen, as though to rest. The moonbeams fell upon her face, and he remarked that it was very pale, with a troubled look in it. By an involuntary movement, he drew close to her, and took her hand; it was cold as death.

"Are you ill, Bertha?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no," she answered, in the same hasty tone as before; "I am tired, and it is cold." And she shivered.

"Cold!" There was not a breath of air stirring, the day had been intensely hot, and a mist wrapped the earth as it were in a warm breath, and a silence, deep and death-like, reigned over all.

The weird influence of the scene was upon him.

"I shall be far away this time to-morrow," he said, sadly. "This is my last night here, Bertha; but I have a secret in my heart which I cannot carry away, so I have come down to meet you to tell it. Perhaps you have already divined it, for it has been in my heart from the first night that I beheld you. Ah, yes; you must have read it in my eyes. I love you, and I am here to ask you to be my promised wife."

He had clasped her hand, and was looking eagerly into her face as he spoke those words. He could feel her thrill, and then her head fell forward upon her breast, and a tear glistened in the moonlight. He stole his arm round her, and pressed her close to him, waiting hopefully, for her answer.

"It cannot be," she answered, in a low voice of pain.

"And why not?" he asked. "Can you not love me? or is it because the accident of birth has placed me in a sphere different to your own? Do not think of that; beauty and gentleness such as you have can have no superior."

"It cannot be," she repeated, drearily.

"You love some one else?" he cried, bitterly.

"No," she answered.

"But you do not love me?" he said.

She turned her eyes upon him for the first time. He clasped her in his arms—strained her to his heart.

With a quick movement, she drew herself out of his embrace. He had never before seen her in such a strange mood, so lost and fearful.

"Do you doubt my truth—my faith?" he asked, in a hurt tone.

"Oh, no, no!" she answered, stretching out her hand deprecatingly. "And had you spoken so to me yesterday——"

She stopped suddenly.

"What has happened since yesterday?" he asked, quickly.

"You misunderstand me," she answered, trying to call back her blunder; then, to divert his attention, she went on, in a rapid, agitated voice, "You will leave this place to-morrow, and in a few weeks all its associations will be but as a dream. You will soon cease to think of one who is so widely removed from your own sphere."

"I accept your challenge!" he cried, excitedly. "To-morrow, I will return to London, as I have arranged. I will leave you for six months, and during that time I will, if you wish it, hold no communication with you. I am fearless of such a test, for I know, although your lips are silent, that you love me."

He could see upon her face indications of an inward struggle. What was this mystery? or was there no mystery? Was it simply the thought of their different social positions that made her hesitate?

He had again clasped both her hands, and was looking passionately into her eyes. He could feel his stronger will subduing the reluctant opposition within her.

After a pause, she answered, "Six months. Be it so!"

The mist had all cleared away from the higher ground upon which they stood, although it still hung brooding over the valleys, and a sharp air swept through the narrow gorge.

Slowly, with his arm round her, they took their way up the mountain side. Infected by the all-pervading silence, neither spoke.

"Promise me," she cried, suddenly, "that you will keep our compact a secret from every one?"

He promised, and sealed the promise upon her lips. And then they again walked on in silence until they reached the inn.

He found that Armstrong had arrived there some time before him. He shrugged his shoulders with a meaning smile, but made no remark.

Andrew saw nothing of Bertha next morning; she had gone away to Penrith Market before they were stirring, but her father gave them a kind farewell message from her, and many apologies for her absence upon his own account.

"I wanted her to stay till you were up, gentlemen," he said, "because it seems so cold-hearted in the girl not to have given you a God-speed at parting; but she told me that she had said good-bye to Mr. Marney last night, and she was certain Mr. Armstrong would excuse her."

"She wouldn't have gone away like that, if I had been about," said the landlady. "If she don't know what's manners to such good customers, I do; and you, father, ought to have made her stop!"

They hastened to assure the worthy couple that there was no more offence taken than there was insult meant, and that they would not for the world have kept her at home on a market day for a mere point of ceremony.

And so, overwhelmed with good wishes, they bade adieu to "The Waterfall," and took their way down the mountain.

It was a dull day, and the leaden sky foreboded rain. So they pushed on vigorously, hoping to arrive at Windermere, or, at least, at Ambleside, before the thick mist dissolved into rain.

"I think we are just leaving the land of the mountain and the fell in time," said Armstrong. "The summer breaks up heavy in this northern latitude, and, by the present aspect of affairs, I should imagine that the change is coming fast."

As he was speaking, they arrived at the scene of the last night's meeting. Grim and uninviting looked the spot, with the grey mists rolling down the steep precipices, and hanging, ghost-like, over the dull, smooth surface of the lake.

On the large stone upon which Andrew had waited Bertha's coming, sat a man; the sound of their footsteps had seemingly attracted his attention; for his head was turned over his shoulder, and his gaze was fixed on them. His age might have been forty; he wore a rough Tweed suit and an Alpine hat; such a costume as is affected by tourists. He was a dark man, with closely cut black hair, black moustache, and full, long beard. Noting their earnest gaze, he turned away his face.

As Andrew descended the road, he looked round several times. The man still sat there in the same position, and soon the mist hid him from their sight.

"I wonder who that was?" he asked thoughtfully of Armstrong.

"A tourist like ourselves, I suppose," he answered, laughing; "but not one quite so wise, for he seems to be a new comer, as I have not seen his face before, and we are just departing. If he sits there long in this mist he will carry home with him a rheumatic remembrance of the lakes. Well, I have had enough of the picturesque for one time, and Pall Mall and Piccadilly have more charms for me now than Skiddaw and Derwentwater. What say you?"

Andrew made some absent reply, he know not what. He felt strangely curious, he might say uneasy, about that man with the black beard. But why? Could anything be more monstrously absurd? What could the man be to him? It was time indeed for him to get back to the real world, if his imagination had grown so distempered as this. He was quite angry with himself.

And yet——

CHAPTER II.

HOW HE SAVED HER.

The autumn and the winter passed away by Andrew Marney in the usual routine of London and country life, without any incident that bears upon the subject of this story. And during all this time there was but one desire in his heart—that the days would pass more quickly, and bring him sooner to the appointed time. Absence had not faded the bright hues of his romantic love—nay, it had rather served to warm them.

In obedience to his promise, he kept secret the appointment even from Armstrong.

One day, when they were alone, he asked him suddenly whether he had got over his love-fever for "the mountain maid," as he used laughingly to call Bertha.

Andrew hesitated before replying: he would not tell a deliberate falsehood. He answered, quietly but firmly, "Such impressions are not easily effaced."

"I am sorry to hear it," answered the other, gravely.

Andrew said no more, but changed the conversation.

It was on the 20th of September that he made the compact, and on the 19th of March in the next year he booked at Euston Square for Windermere, intending to sleep there that night, and proceed the rest of the journey on foot on the following morning.

He had not mentioned his expedition to any living soul except his valet, whom he took with him, and whom he arranged should remain at Windermere.

The weather in London was comparatively mild for the season, but as he got farther and farther northward it grew colder, and about Lancaster snow had fallen on the previous night, and still lay half-melted upon the ground. The

hills around Kendal were thickly covered with a white mantle, and there were drifts in the sheltered corners of the valleys. He found the same state of things at Windermere, where he arrived just as the night was closing in.

He slept at the hotel, and started early the next morning upon his journey.

The day was piercingly cold, and the sun shone brightly, but in the northeastern horizon lay a bank of heavy gray clouds, which the waiter had warned him betokened snow, and had advised him, beside, to take a guide. But the young man, confident in his knowledge of the country, had laughed at such a suggestion.

As he ascended the mountainous road the cold grew more intense, and the scenery more bleak and savage. Snow lay everywhere. The summits of the hills seemed to be filled with a sea of foam; their barren sides were streaked with white, and every hollow that lay under the cold shadow of the precipices was filled with hillocks of drift.

The waiter was right. The places did not look the same as when he last gazed upon them. He could not recognize a single landmark. Its hyperborean raiment had rendered the whole landscape totally strange. No gold and purple and violet hues now, but all glaring white and sombre gray.

He cast his looks upwards. The aspect of the sky had undergone a great change while he had, with downward gaze, plodded along in self-argument. The dark gray mist which had lain sluggishly upon the edge of the northeastern horizon had crept on swiftly and stealthily until it had overtaken the sun, over which it spread a veil of momentarily increasing thickness, and was still moving westward and rapidly covering every patch of blue sky. He began to wish he had taken the ostler's advice, and provided himself with a guide. Just about half a mile below, on the road he had come, was a small inn. Should he turn back and put up there until the storm was past? Perhaps, after it had once commenced, it might continue throughout the day, and would compel him to break his word. That last suggestion decided him; any risk or danger rather than that. He was not more than five mile from "The Waterfall." By using a little extra exertion he might even now get there before the storm began, or, at least, ere it came on heavily.

Even during the minute he had been thus debating the heavens had grown darker. The sun was now a mere disk, a little lighter than the surrounding haze, and a rushing wind swept moaning down the mountain and through the valleys, scattering the snow in feathery flakes, and deepening the drifts in the hollows. Pulling his hat firmly over his brows, and bending his head to the blast, he strode on resolutely.

The sun had wholly disappeared, the sky had become an awful profound of sombre vapor, the clouds seemed brooding only a few feet above his head, and the wind blew so fiercely, whirling the snow, no longer in feathery flecks, but in blinding eddies, that he could scarcely make head against it.

"When the snow from heaven blends with the snow from earth, what will it be?" was his thought.

A lull in the wind for a moment, and then one, two flakes upon his face. He looked upwards; they have come from above this time. The storm has commenced. Faster and faster fall the flakes. A gust of wind, a whirl of dazzling atoms, confusing, blinding. He presses forward, knowing not whither or to what.

For a moment, as though to gather up new strength, the wind lulls, and enables him to look around. Even in this short time all landmarks have disappeared. Through the thickly falling drift he sees an undulating world of snow. But with these towering white walls bounding the narrow road on either side he can scarcely miss his way. Onwards he goes, with a firm, quick step. Another rush of wind, fiercer than the last, the snow and sleet dashing in his face and cutting it like pebbles. In this fashion he pushes forward, it may be a mile, when, in a lull of the blast, he hears through the dull air the roar of falling water.

He comes to a sudden halt. There should be no waterfall in the road, unless the wintor rains have created one. He casts an anxious glance through the dazzling particles that fill the air. It seems as though the muffled forms of the hills are unfamiliar to him. But that may be owing to the changed aspect imparted by their covering. It is impossible he could have deviated from the roadway. He has carefully kept his face full to the wind, which is blowing directly from the point he is making for. Once doubtful, once lose his presence of mind, or become confused, and he is inevitably lost.

He pushes on more rapidly than ever, but at every step, when the roar of wind will permit him to hear, the rush of the waterfall grows louder and nearer. A sudden dip in the ground, the drifted snow is up to his knees, rises higher and higher, until it encompasses his waist; through the white, whirling air he sees another swiftly moving element, flecked with foam, and the roar of the water drowns the sighing of the wind. He has lost his way. He casts a despairing look behind; masses of snow are rolling down the sides of the hills, and filling up the pathway that he has just passed over. Before him a sharp decline, breaking suddenly into a precipice, down which rolls a torrent of water.

He is lost! No human power can save him.

"Here, then," he thinks, "I shall perish; and when the snows have melted, some shepherd will find my body, and convey it perhaps to her very house. She will know that at least I tried to keep my tryst."

But he will not stand still; he will make one last effort to retrace his steps, and get back into the road. He turns round, wades his way for a few steps, when suddenly his foot strikes against a soft, yielding substance. A thrill darts through his frame, *for it feels like a human body.* He stoops down and pushes away the snow with his hands until he comes to dark clothing, and then to a woman's form—a woman's face.

"It is Bertha's!" he exclaims.

Quick as thought he raises her in his arms. She is senseless, cold; perhaps *dead.*

He puts one of the lifeless arms round his neck, lets the drooping head fall upon his shoulder, and with the wild courage of despair presses through the snow that is sometimes breast-high, and makes one last effort for life.

Presently he fancies that he perceives two forms moving through the drift. Is it an illusion—a phantom of incipient delirium? He shouts with all his might, but his voice is muffled by the unresonant atmosphere. Still two forms draw nearer, then come faint sounds of human voices. "They are saved!

The two forms belong to his valet and a guide whom he procured and set out with the moment the snow-storm commenced.

They turn their steps backwards towards the little inn at which he had hesitated to stop at the beginning of the storm, and which was little more than a mile from the spot where they had found him.

CHAPTER III.

HOW SHE PROMISED TO BE HIS WIFE.

For two days Bertha lay at the little inn, hovering for many hours between life and death. Her parents were sent for, and on the second day she was sufficiently out of danger to be conveyed home, whither Andrew followed her.

It was only after the first shock had passed that honest John Paulton and his wife expressed any surprise at Andrew's strange and unexpected return to Cumberland.

Then he took the opportunity to ask their consent to his marriage with Bertha.

He saw the worthy couple exchange glances, with a serious, embarrased expression upon their faces.

"Well, Sir. Marney, this is very unexpected on our part," said Paulton, after an awkward pause. "There seems something strange in a gentleman like you marrying a poor man's daughter; and then there's your friends——"

"I am independent of all," answered Andrew, quietly. "Both my father and mother are dead, and I have entire control over my own small fortune."

Of course he made no mention of being the heir of his uncle, Sir William Marney, fearing lest the sound of the title should still further dismay his host.

But John Paulton's honest face still wore the same puzzled expression of doubtful embarrassment, such as had never before been seen upon its open expanse, and he could perceive his wife watching him anxiously, as though waiting for her cue.

"Well, sir," he said, slowly, "you must admit it's a very serious affair, and can't be decided in a minute. You give me till to-morrow, and then we'll talk the matter over."

But the next day brought him no satisfaction.

"You must talk to Bertha before I can say anything more," he said.

His manner was evasive, as though there was something in his mind which he was doubtful of uttering.

In a few days, spent by Andrew in a state of restless suspense, doubt, and anxiety amounting to mental torture, Bertha was able to leave her room.

Besides being deathly pale and very weak, she had a faded, languid look that seemed to denote mental as well as physical indisposition. The apartment in which the meeting took place was the guest-room of the inn.

"My darling," he said, leading her to a chair beside his own, "it seems as if you had been given back to me from the other world. Ah, shall I ever forget when I raised you out of the snowdrift, and looked upon what I feared was your dead body! But how came you thus?"

"I had been down to Ambleside. I started very early, as soon as it was light, and in returning I lost my way in the blinding snow," she answered, with her looks fixed upon the ground.

"How strange that we should both stray out of the right road at the same point!" he said; "how fortunate that I kept my tryst! When the storm first came on I was once or twice tempted to turn back. If I had done so, you would have perished. Surely the hand of an all-merciful Providence was in all this!"

Her eyes were still fixed upon the ground, and made no reply.

"When I look back, and think upon what a slender chance your life depended—no more than the passing thought of a moment—I shudder with horror."

"It was very strange that you should find me, save me, restore me to life," she said, upraising her looks for the first time to his.

"Accept it as a sign that our fates are to be hereafter united," he answered, eagerly.

"It would seem so, would it not?" she said, inquiringly.

"Ah, if you would believe so!" he answered, all trembling, and drawing her closer and closer to him.

"It seems as though my life now belonged to you—as though I had no right to withhold it," she went on, dreamily.

"All I ask of you is to give it into my keeping," he cried, fervently, "to guard as a most precious treasure."

"I fear the treasure would prove to be only fairy gold, bringing a curse rather than a blessing upon the possessor," she said, sadly.

"Do not speak such words as those," he rejoined. "You cannot conceive how they hurt me. Why are you so morbidly sad—so different to what you were when I first knew you?"

"Because my heart is weak. My duty and my love are always struggling for mastery," was the almost passionate reply.

"Then let your love conquer," he cried, taking her in his arms. "I claim the life that I have saved; I will not be defrauded of my due rights. I will not even leave you a choice."

She lay passionately upon his breast. *Love had conquered.*

"Yet stay," she exclaimed, suddenly starting up. "The last word does not rest with me, but my father. You must see him at once. He has some important matters to communicate to you."

He had very little fear of his honest host. With the assurance of Bertha's love being his, what cared he for aught or for anybody else?

A little while afterwards Andrew sought him out. The day was fine, and he asked him if he would walk out upon the hill-side with him.

He was the first to speak.

"Well, sir, I must begin by telling you that Bertha is not my child at all."

"Not your child!" exclaimed Andrew, a little eagerly, the old romantic thought darting back upon his mind.

"No, sir," he answered, slowly.

"Who, then, are her parents?" he inquired, perceiving him hesitate.

"Well, it was my missus's sister that gave her into my care," he replied, yet more slowly, "and we might suppose that she was her child; but if we did, I think we should be wrong in the conjecture."

By dint of many inquiries, he at length obtained from him the following information.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DEED AND A WORD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and bung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A useless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O worm! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FINGER OF SUSPICION.

"Miss Norah came home a little while ago and went to her room, Miss Maud. She missed you somehow in the park, and begged that you would excuse the trouble she gave you of looking for her."

So said the servant who waited on Maud and Norah, as the former returned from her unsuccessful search for her missing friend.

"I'll go up and see her, Kitty," said Maud, smiling; "she gave me quite a chase, and deserves a good scolding."

"If you please, Miss Maud," interposed the girl hastily, "Miss Norah said she would lie down and try to sleep off a bad headache; you were to excuse her at tea, if you please."

Maud turned round on the stairs and gave her mantle and hat to the maid to carry up for her. Mr. Bland was coming to tea, she expected him every moment, and was only going up to see why Norah had left her so abruptly.

"So the poor dear girl's head aches," she murmured to herself, sympathetically. "I'm afraid it is her heart that aches rather than her head, for even that allusion of mine to Alfred Falconer overcame her so much that she was forced to seek solitude to hide her emotion. I wonder why she will not confide in me? Perhaps if she knew how fully she had already done so in her delirium, it might make it easier to her."

Pondering over this idea, Maud entered the parlor, where she was soon joined by her lover, and in the ever new happiness of being at his side, she forgot for the time her anxiety about her young friend.

George and she were soon to be married. It was now late in September, and the first month of winter was to bring their bridal-day. The length of their engagement, and her father's anxiety to see her settled in life, was urged as reasons for overcoming conventional scruples by shortening the year of mourning. They were to have a very quiet wedding, and after a short tour abroad come back to the old home, which would be refurnished by her father in their absence.

The numberless subjects for conversation connected with this important change occupied them till tea time. George had noticed Norah's absence and received Maud's explanation of it, when just as they were about to leave the table, Mr. Graff happened to speak of a fine piece of property for sale in a fashionable part of the city.

"It belongs to the St. Croix family," said he, "the rich St. Croix's, I mean; there were two branches, and this is the old one. It is now represented by a single individual, a very handsome and eccentric lady, with some sort of a romance connected with her story."

Maud became interested immediately. She recognized the name as belonging to Norah's former patroness and Alfred Falconer's aunt.

"What kind of story was here, papa?" she inquired.

"I scarcely remember now, my dear," returned Mr. Graff; "it happened some fifteen years ago, when I was in a much humbler line of life, and was too busy making my way in the world to take much heed of fashionable gossip. Miss St. Croix was not then the great heiress she has since become, and she loved some unworthy person whom she believed to be disinterestedly devoted to her, but who, as it ultimately transpired, only sought her because he believed her to be rich in her own right. When he learned the contrary he forsook her in a cruel and heartless way, 'twas said, and within a few months from the time that he appeared in his true colors, Miss St. Croix unexpectedly inherited an immense estate, far beyond the small fortune for which he had first wooed her. People say this man's perfidy and the unlimited power bestowed by her great wealth, have made her capricious and unreasonable in her temper. I have no personal knowledge on the subject, I only know that she is rich enough to indulge all imaginable whims, and no doubt has plenty of them in consequence."

"That I am sure of," said Maud, warmly, "and one of them seems to me almost as bad and cruel as the behavior of that false lover to her. It was Miss St. Croix, papa, who befriended our dear Norah for a little time, and then allowed an absurd suspicion to turn her into a persecuting enemy."

Mr. Graff knew little or nothing of the history of the young girl who had so singularly become a guest and friend of his daughter. Absorbed in his own engrossing business interests, he had always permitted domestic affairs to be governed solely by his late wife, and now Maud succeeded her mother in home management and wielded unquestioned authority.

He knew that Norah was a needy and very lovely young person whom his dying wife had earnestly recommended to her daughter's care and love, and he was glad to see Maud's loneliness relieved by the society of such a pleasant companion.

Therefore he expressed no surprise at hearing of her connection with Miss St. Croix, but turning to Mr. Bland, said:

"By-the-by, George, I had almost forgotten. I received this decidedly queer communication yesterday, and have not had an opportunity of speaking to you about it till now. See here," and he produced a dirty strip of paper from his pocketbook, on which was written in an untutored hand these words:

"Ask Mr. George Bland what he knows about the Maynard family, and if he wouldn't like to have a little incident in the life of the late Mr. Maynard, the banker, revived for his benefit."

As George, looking over Mr. Graff's shoulder, read these words, Maud glanced innocently up into his face to see if he found any meaning in them. What was her surprise to see her lover turn deadly pale even to the lips, which trembled until he bit them nervously to control their motion.

"I merely glanced at it," said the unobservant Mr. Graff, carelessly, as he laid the document on the table, "but on second thoughts I determined to bring it home and let you and Maud see it. Rank nonsense, I presume, isn't it? Eh? you don't mean to say there's anything annoying in it?"

He had caught sight of George's pallid face and Maud's astonished eyes, and stopped midway in his speech.

"Yes," answered the former, in a forced manner, "it does annoy me, for it recalls a very painful event. May I be excused from speaking further on the subject at present?"

"Certainly," responded Mr. Graff in a puzzled manner, "though I really cannot see—but if, as you say the theme is a disagreeable one, let us drop it by all means."

So saying, he rose and tearing the mysterious bit of paper into fragments, he scattered them from the open dining room window, and turned away towards his library.

Maud came to her lover's side instantly, and in a cheerful voice that trembled a little from the feeling she was forcing herself to repress, said smiling:

"I am afraid papa is learning to have aristocratic tastes as he increases in wealth. Do you know George, I really believe he means to buy that St. Croix mansion he spoke of, and make us begin our married life in greater style than we have dreamed of."

Her lover breathed an involuntary sigh, and tried in vain to return her smile; but despite his effort an anxious perturbed look clouded his features.

"Is fashion and the world's applause essential to your happiness, dear Maud?" he asked gravely.

"You do not need to ask," she answered with an appealing touch upon his arm, "you know full well that all I care for is honest upright untarnished worth, and that I would be content to admire in you, if instead of the rich man you now are, you were as poor as Molly the beggar girl."

She raised her violet eyes brimming with tender trust to his, and saw that he winced as if there was a hidden sting in the words that were meant to reassure him.

For an instant a look of pained surprise displaced the loving expression of her face, the next she conquered the impulse to question her lover's strange behavior, and banish all but faith and affection from her thoughts.

"Why cannot I wait, he will tell me what has troubled him all in good time," she thought, "and for the present I must be content to trust him as he deserves."

George Bland seemed to read this conclusion in her fair and transparent face, he bent a glance of ineffable and even humble admiration on her, then catching her in his embrace, he pressed her ardently to his heart.

"Now he will tell me why that queer bit of paper affected him so," thought Maud, who, though her love conquered her doubt or curiosity, was still most eager to learn the secret of her lover's uneasiness. But he never uttered an explaining word, or again referred to the subject that evening. It was late when they parted, and Maud somewhat oppressed by her own anxiety found herself in her chamber without once having thought of Norah or her headache.

With a sense of compunction she ran across the intervening apartment and tapped softly at Norah's door.

She waited a moment, then repeated the knock a little louder with no success.

"She is asleep, dear girl," she said to herself, "I will not rouse her now," and so she returned to her room and went to bed.

CHAPTER XXX.

A GIFT AND A COMPACT.

Maud was mistaken about Norah's being asleep. She was not even in her chamber; but at that moment gliding swiftly after the retreating figure of George Bland with a hood and wrappings that completely disguised her, so that when finding himself followed, he turned to see by whom, he did not at first recognize Norah.

"It is I, dear Mr. Bland," she exclaimed breathlessly, seeing his puzzled look and uncertain manner. "I came out to-night unknown to Maud, or any of the family, on purpose to speak to you, I have been waiting for hours for the opportunity."

"Has anything happened?" he asked in a startled manner.

"Yes, something that I feel will be important to me, and about which I wished to consult you before speaking to any one else." She stopped to gain breath and control her excitement, he bent his head attentively, and something in his grave air made her think that some care and danger of his own disturbed his peace.

"Do I annoy you by coming upon you in this way with my troubles, Mr. Bland?" she asked timidly hesitating.

"No, my dear girl, anything that interests you has a claim on me," he answered quickly, "Don't mind my looks, I am a little perplexed; but it shan't interfere with my attention."

"Well, then," resumed Norah, "I have to-day discovered the man who carried me off, and who I believe to have been the cause of the strange persecution that has followed me from first to last. He is a gentleman and his name is Maynard; he lives in a grand house on the north side of Belgrade Square. What! do you know him then, and can you in any way explain the motive he has for injuring me?"

George Bland had shrunk so palpably at the mention of the name of Maynard, that Norah felt there must be some connection between the two; her eyes enforced her question and under their eager excited gaze her companion seemed to quail.

"I do know this man," he said in a shaken voice, "and his name as you may see acts upon me like a baleful spell, but I assure you solemnly that I have no suspicion of what his object can be in pursuing you as he has done, except that I believe all his motives are evil."

They stood together under the lamp on the very spot where they had met first, less than a year before, and recalling the circumstance and the watch that she had discovered in her pocket after the rough looking man had jostled against her, she began to identify his short stout figure with that of the villainous spy who had looked in upon her at the library window at Miss St. Croix's.

"Don't you remember me as a beggar girl, who to save her mother and sister from starving asked for food?" she exclaimed. "It was here on this spot I saw you first, and that bad man who seems my enemy tried even then to have me branded as a thief by hiding your watch in my ragged dress. Oh, what is the meaning of this wicked conspiracy against me!"

"We will try to solve it, cost what it may," said George Bland resolutely; he seemed to make a great effort as he said this, for he flung back his head and looked up determinedly towards the cloudy night sky, as if to face all the ills that hung above him ready to fall if he dared to enter the field as Norah's champion.

There was a dash of despair in his resolution that did not escape the observant girl. She remembered the scene near the old slaughter house and Mother Webb's threat.

"Will not your generous devotion to me be at some hazard to yourself?" She asked.

"Yes," he assented, "but right is right for all that, and my cowardly struggle is over, come what will I will face the truth."

"But you are making a sacrifice; a painful and perhaps irretrevable loss may be involved in your defence of me," said Norah remorsefully.

He seemed to suppress a groan, but shook his head resolutely.

"I know all that I may lose and must suffer," he returned firmly, "it is a just retribution for so long stifling the truth."

Norah looked troubled and bewildered.

"Whatever may appear to be against you, Mr. Bland," she said earnestly, "I shall believe in the truth only, and that cannot condemn one so noble, so generous as yourself."

"You promised to trust me, and you have kept your word," he said gratefully, "it gives me courage to find you so true—but Maud, my innocent darling, how can I tell her the worst!"

"She loves you and she will be true to you no matter what befalls," cried Norah eagerly, "You do not know her strong and noble nature; she seems clinging and dependent in her love, but she is true as steel."

George pressed the enthusiastic speaker's hand tenderly, and thanked her in broken words:

"I am an accused man, Norah," he said, "and when I have confessed so much, I have no means of clearing my name from the accusation. Yet I swear to you here under the stars where we first met, and our strangely blended fates crossed each other that I am innocent of all crimes. I can say no more."

"I believe, as I always have believed you. But have you no enemies save these low wretches from whom you rescued me?"

"Them and the man you named. They would hunt me down for the sake of the silence money they hope to win from me; but he would ruin me from the still stronger impulse of hatred."

"You mean Maynard?"

"Yes. Geoffrey Maynard."

"And if in seeking to discover the evil designs of this Geoffrey Maynard against me, you bring his hatred into action, I shall be the cause of involving you in distress, and may be ruin," cried Norah, shrinking aghast from the prospect.

"No, dear child," said her companion, sadly. "I can claim no generous heroism like that; the blow has long been pending, and already I have received a premonitory stroke. For months past many different kinds of hints and warnings have reached me from the Slums—all meaning the one thing—money. Your escape has drained the wretches of a fruitful source of income, and obliged them to turn to me as a new victim. Had I responded with the sums they demanded for their silence, I would have delayed a more decided action which they ventured on yesterday."

"What was that?"

"They sent an anonymous warning to Mr. Graff, directing him to tax me with my connection with the name of Maynard. It was a successful shaft, and hit the mark fairly. I could not control myself under the suddenness of the attack, and both Mr. Graff and Maud have reason to demand an explanation of my marked and cowardly emotion."

"But you do not fear these creatures?" cried Norah, ardently. "You, an established, honorable gentleman, need not fear the low wretches who seek to injure you, but cannot have the power."

"Geoffry Maynard is not so weak or contemptible, however," returned Bland, "and, although he has made no personal movement against me, I do not trust him, he is a coiled snake, with ready fangs waiting to spring."

Norah shuddered.

It was in the hands of this pitiless monster that the secret of her life seemed to lie; it was he whose shadow had fallen black between her and her mother and sister, whose poisoned arts had even estranged her from her love, and cast suspicion on her innocent name. She struggled with her own desire to be freed from his power, and her unselfish nature triumphed as she remembered Maud, and the happiness of the devoted lovers.

"You shall not undertake my battle, my dear friend," she said, decidedly. "Much as I desire to escape from the labyrinth of mystery that surrounds me, I will not accept your aid at such a cost. I know how utterly pitiless Geoffroy Maynard can be, and you shall not provoke his malice on my account."

"That is past recall now," returned the other, quietly. "I acknowledge your generous scruples, but my mind is fixed at last, and I shall grow fearless by-and-bye," he added, with a mournful smile, "and then I shall decide upon a regular plan of action. At present I only know that I am resolved to unmask Geoffrey Maynard at whatever cost may follow the act."

"Hist! What is that?" cried Norah, in a suppressed tone, as a tall figure wrapped in a black mantle emerged from the opposite square, and crossed directly under the light.

In talking earnestly they had retired into an angle of a gothic building farthest from the lamp, and so were hidden completely, while the stranger passed full in view.

He was dark and tall, and evidently wore his cloak as a disguise muffled round his face; for, though the night was still cool, such a wrapping was not necessary.

He went directly on towards Graff's house, and then paused and reconnoitred. A light still shone in Maud's window, and towards it he directed his gaze most particularly, crossing over the way and bending in all directions as if to get a view of the inside of the apartment.

Norah held her breath with a tight pressure of her companion's arm.

"'Tis he, 'tis he!" she exclaimed in a frightened whisper.

"Yes, 'tis Geoffrey Maynard," assented Bland; "and he has evidently discovered that you belong to the Bland household, for he is at this moment playing the spy on your account. It is as well that we are prepared for an encounter, for it is plain he has not given up his search."

"Oh, I fear him," exclaimed Norah, shivering. "He is so merciless, so totally without scruple or conscience," and she cowered behind her companion like a frightened hare.

"How did you leave the house?" asked George, anxiously.

"By the garden way; Kitty is waiting for me there now."

"I am glad of that, for you can return by this side street without encountering him, and I need a clearer head and stouter nerves than are mine to-night when I meet Geoffrey Maynard in conflict."

Norah feared to leave him, yet feared to stay, and in her faltering stood a moment, not knowing which way to turn. He motioned her kindly, but firmly, to be gone, and promised, in a hasty, broken way, to see her before he took any decided step towards a meeting with their mutual enemy.

Then he remained standing at the street corner while her slender figure hurried along the narrow street into which the garden gate opened. She passed through, and was lost to his sight; then, he turned, and compressing his lips painfully, asked himself who she could be, and what manner of cause there was for such deep-rooted hate as that with which her pursuer regarded her.

"Innocent and beautiful, she is a creature to be admired and loved, and her young life can have held no communion with such a man as he is; she belongs to a different class from the women he has injured and deceived hitherto.

"What can it mean, this villainous persecution? 'Tis a riddle I am determined to solve, even if I lose all else in the effort."

He sighed deeply, and, burying his face in his breast, moved slowly and reluctantly away from sight of the window where the light shone in, beneath which lurked the skulking form of the cloaked man like an evil genius.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOLD RESOLVE IN A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

A remarkable instance of presence of mind on the part of the captain of a man-of-war is related by the St. Petersburg papers. About the end of last month the Russian war frigate Olaf, which had accompanied the yacht of the Czarewitch to Copenhagen, was lying at anchor among hundreds of other ships in the harbor, when a fire was discovered in a coal-cellar below, which was only a few feet from the powder magazine. There was no time to put out the fire before it could reach the magazine, and an explosion of the large stores of cartridges and gunpowder contained in it would probably have destroyed not only the Olaf and the surrounding ships, but part of Copenhagen itself.

Captain Rehbinder, the commander of the Olaf, saw at once that the only thing to be done to prevent a catastrophe was to sink the ship. After sending away the crew, with the ship's papers, cash boxes, and most valuable instruments in boats, he ordered the carpenters and engineers to make a leak in the vessel, and half an hour afterward she sank in not very deep water. Next day she was raised again, and after some provisional repairs was taken to Cronstadt, where she is now lying in dock pending her complete restoration for service. The damage done is stated to be comparatively trifling, and the court-martial held on the officers of the vessel unanimously expressed the highest praise of the conduct of the captain and his subordinates. The Emperor has appointed him his aid-de-camp, which is one of the highest honors conferred on Russian naval officers, and the officers and men under him have received gratuities from the Emperor's privy purse.

THE MEN WHO CAN BE SPARED.

The other day a gentleman was making inquiry for the purpose of finding a man to fill a responsible position in a large mercantile house. He came to a person whom he thought would be likely to give him accurate and honest information concerning several men whose names he had. One was discussed, and another, and another. Then the name of Mr. —— was mentioned.

"The very man for the place; competent and worthy in every respect; but he can not possibly be spared from the position he now holds."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "*we do not want a man who can be spared!*"

There was a big volume in that remark. *We do not want a man who can be spared.* What a multitude of men who can be spared cumber every avenue to promotion. The barnacles, the sharks, the makeshifts, somebody's nephews, somebody's *proteges*, somebody's good-for-nothings. Young man, please remember that these are not the ones who are called for when responsible positions are to be filled. Would you like to guage your own fitness for a position of prominence? Would you like to know the probabilities of your getting such a position? Inquire within! What are you doing to make yourself valuable *in the position you now occupy?* If you are doing with your might what your hands find to do, the chances are ten to one that you will soon become so valuable to that position that *you can not be spared from it;* and then, singular to relate, will be the very time when you will be sought out by promotion for a better place.

Be content to grade among the *men who can be spared*, and you may rest assured that nothing will "spare" you so certainly and so easily as promotion.

REVIEWER.

Worcester's Dictionary.

This volume is too well known to the mass of our readers to require any lengthy dissertation on its value as a standard dictionary of the English language. The greatest care has been bestowed upon the subject of orthography, a subject which is of the greatest interest to all who desire to know and who appreciate good English. The orthography of our language has been undergoing continual changes from the time of its first formation to the present day; in adjusting the orthography of this dictionary much pain has been taken and attention paid to etymology, analogy and usage, and in cases where good usage is divided, etymology and analogy has been consulted in deciding disputable points. But no innovation has been made in respect to those words in which usage is invariable and settled. Orthoepy, or the art of correct pronunciation, has also received special attention from Worcester. Any one who is particular about his pronunciation will not be willing to place implicit reliance on any one single authority, but will wish to know the different modes adopted by all who are reported as authorities. Those who desire this sort of information can find it condensed in a convenient form in this dictionary, and is one of the most valuable features in the volume. Without being a technological dictionary, it contains all such terms relating to the arts and sciences which the general reader is likely to meet with. Brief critical notes on the uses of words, grammar, origin, formation and etymology of the English language, key to the pronunciation of French and Latin, also of Scripture proper names, and many other very useful and interesting papers, are scattered through the volume. We do not see how any one can afford to be without Worcester's Dictionary on his table. We would be lost without it.

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AGRICULTURAL.

FORTY-FIVE thousand pounds of grapes from four acres have been raised this year by Coon Brothers of Winchester, Penn.

ONIONS sown for sets last September should be gathered now, or at any time before deep freezing. Let them dry two or three days before storing for the winter.

PLANTS kept in the window should be turned every morning, or the light, striking one side only, will draw the plant to that side so that all its branches and leaves will turn towards the window.

AUTUMN is the proper season to prepare grafts and cuttings. Of the latter, cuttings of grapes, currants, quinces, gooseberries, poplar and many other plants, taken off in the fall, and buried in the ground all winter, will grow with facility in the spring. Grafts should always be taken off in the fall, and kept in moist sand or sawdust till ready to be used.

A VERY important branch of agricultural industry is growing up in Christian county, Kentucky, in the shape of vineyards. There are twenty-three established vineyards now, and many others just starting. The produce was 30,000 gallons of wine last season, most of which was sold at home, some, however, was sent to Evansville, Henderson, and Nashville meeting with ready sale in those markets.

HOW this world is given to lying. At the Crystal Palace Agricultural Exhibition in London recently, a man competed for the first prize with "86 pounds of honey gathered this season by one colony of bees." The judges expressed an unpleasant implication by passing him by in silence, and awarding the coveted cup to a less unreasonable person, who only claimed "80 pounds from two colonies." There is a point beyond which——

MOSS ON LAWNS.—The best and most economical method to get rid of moss in lawns is to rake whenever the ground is bare in winter. Even when the ground is frozen the moss is readily torn up. After the moss is removed give a top-dressing of finely-rotted barnyard manure, and early in spring sow on a liberal quantity of blue grass seed and a little white clover. Then roll with a heavy roller and not mow in spring until the young grass has become well-established.

PLANT A GRAPE VINE FIRST.—Not one farmer in twenty will buy grapes or other fruit, except apples, for himself and family; but grapes are so easily and cheaply grown, that no family with a square rod of ground should be without a few grape vines. Grapes can be got in bearing earlier than any other fruit, excepting strawberries. The first duty of a settler on new land is to plant half a dozen grape vines, and after that as many as he can afford. Fresh fruit is necessary to the health of a family, and nothing is more quickly, easily or cheaply grown than grapes.

IMPORTANT POINTS.—It is too much the fashion to wait till time for frost before preparing plants for the house. They should, by good right, be potted or repotted, as the case may be, at least six weeks before their removal to the window. This affords them time to recover and start into growth, and will give you a beautiful window from the first, instead of the usual array of too visible pottery, filled with forlorn, blossomless specimens. Another important point is that sudden changes are injurious to plants. They should be gradually accustomed to less sunshine and light by placing them on the shady side of the house and afterwards in a shady porch. Large plants potted from the open border do not often prove satisfactory; they seldom, if ever, recover from the shock. Plants started from cuttings made during the summer are best. Small plants may be successfully potted from the flower-bed if done on a rainy day or if the soil around them is thoroughly wet a few hours before the operation.

CATCH CROPS.—The experience of every successive year shows that those crops known as "catch crops" may often be the most valuable. When a field is idle and not producing anything, then the farmer's money is not drawing interest. When the rye or oat stubble lies idle from August until May, half a year's interest is lost on the value of that field. It might have been sown to turnips, and if three roots weighing but four pounds each were raised on every square yard, there would be nearly thirty tons, or nine hundred bushels of roots—without counting the tops—to every acre. Or a peck of rape might be sown in August on an oat stubble, and enough feed raised in less than two months, to feed ten or more sheep or two cows, per acre, until after snow fall. There would be a mass of roots and refuse left on the ground that would pay all the cost of the crop, leaving a handsome profit. It is in this way that a farm may be made to carry more stock, to produce more manure, and consequently increasing crops every year. The soil ought to be kept always producing, and if the term "catch crops" leads a farmer to suppose that such crops are of no value, he makes a very great mistake.

SUN AND RAIN.

A young wife stood at a lattice-pane,
In a study sad and brown,
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down—
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its t reless play;
And the poor little woman sighed "Ah, me!
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss upon her lips once more,
An arm around her waist—
Throb, throb, throb,
Went the little heart, grateful and gay,
As she thought with a smile, "Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day."

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the sombre room was lighted again
By the blessed sun of love—
Love, love, love,
Ran the little wife's murmured lay;
"Without, it may threaten and frown, if it will;
Within, what a glorious day!"

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XI.

IN SEARCH OF A SECOND.

Just about the time Don Gregorio is taking leave of Captain Lantanas, the two unreceived visitors are turning their backs upon his house. De Lara feels the discomfiture the keenest. His heart is harrowed with mingled emotions—passions of varied complexion, all evil. His lips are livid with rage, his brow black with chagrin; while his eyes fairly scintillate with unsatisfied vengeance. While returning along the avenue he neither looks back, nor up. Not a syllable escapes him. With glance upon the ground, he rides in sullen silence.

After clearing the entrance-gate, and again upon the outside road, he turns his face toward the dwelling whose hospitality has been denied him. He sees nought there to soothe, but something which still further afflicts him. Four horses are filing out through the front gate, conducted by grooms. They are saddled, bridled, ready for being mounted. To his practiced eye, their caparison tells that they are intended only for a short excursion, not a journey. And though their saddles are nearly alike, he knows that only two of them are to be mounted by men, the other two to carry ladies. The senoritas are going out for a ride—a *paseo de campo*—accompanied by their English guests. Simultaneously, as instinctively, the two Californians arrive at this conclusion. Now they know why they were not received; a knowledge which, instead of tranquilising their chafed spirits, but maddens them the more. The thought of their sweethearts being escorted by their rivals, riding along wild, unfrequented paths, through trees overshadowing, away from the presence of spying domestics, or the interference of protecting relatives, beyond the eyes and ears of every one—the thought that Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez are setting out on an excursion of this kind, is to Frank Lara and Faustino Calderon bitter as deadliest poison. And reflection embitters it the more. The excursionists will have every opportunity of wandering at will. They will become separated; and there can be no doubt as to how the partition will be made: the older of the two officers will pair off with Dona Carmen, the younger with Dona Inez. Thus, they will ride unmolested, unobserved; converse without fear of being overheard, clasp hands without danger of being seen—perhaps exchange kisses. Oh the dire, maddening jealousy! Even the dull brain and cold heart of Calderon are fired by these reflections. They sting him to the quick. But not as De Lara; for not as De Lara does he love.

After gazing for a while at the house—at the horses and grooms—at the preparations that are being made for mounting—noting their magnificent style—with a last glance, such as Satan gave when expelled from Paradise, the Creole drives the spur deep into his horse's side, and dashes off down the hill, Calderon keeping after. At its bottom they again halt, being now out of sight of the house. Facing toward his companion, De Lara says: "We're in for a fight, Faustino; both of us."

"Not both. I don't think I'm called upon to challenge that youngster. He's but a boy."

"He's been man enough to insult you; and, if I mistake not, you'll find him man enough to meet you."

"I don't see that he *did* insult me."

"Indeed; you don't? Sticking your horse, as if it were a pig, and sending him off in a stampede that well-nigh dismounted you; all before the face of your lady-love—right under her eyes! You don't deem that an insult, eh?"

"But you must remember, I gave him provocation. At your instigation, I nearly rode over him. Looking at it in that light, he's in a sense excusable for what he did. Besides, he only meant it as a joke; when it was all over, he laughed at it."

"Not at it, but at you. So did your sweetheart, *amigo*. As we reined up under the walls, I could see her long lashes drooping down, her eyes looking disdain at you, with her pretty lips pouting in scorn. You're evidently out of her good graces, and you'll have to do something ere you can reinstate yourself."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it. Never sure of anything in my life."

"But what would you have me do?"

"You ought to know without asking me. Call out the cub, and kill him—if you can. That's what I design doing with my gentleman."

"Ah! you're a dead shot; and that makes all the difference. These Anglo-Saxons always use pistols; and if I challenge him, he'll have the choice of weapons."

"Quite true. With me it will be different. I took care to give the affront, and you should have done the same. Seeing you got the worst of it, you ought to have followed up your first dash at him by something besides—a slap across the cheek, or a cut with your whip."

"I'm sorry, now, I didn't do one or the other."

"Well, you may find an opportunity yet. For my quarrel, I don't care a toss whether it be settled with swords or pistols. We Creoles of Louisiana are accustomed to the use of either weapon. Thanks to old Gardalet of the Rue Royale, I've got the trick of both; and am equally ready to send a half-ounce of lead, or twelve inches of steel, through the body of this Britisher. By the way, what's his name?"

The speaker pulls out the card given him by the English officer, and glancing at it, answers his own question: "Edward Crozier, H. M. S. *Crusader*. Ha! Mr. Ned Crozier!" he exclaims, speaking in plain English, the sight of the card seemingly giving a fresh fillip to his spleen: "you've had your triumph to-day. It will be mine to-morrow; and, if my old fortune don't fail me, there'll be an empty seat at the mess-table of the ship *Crusader*."

"You really intend fighting him?"

"Now, Don Faustino Calderon, why do you ask that question?"

"Because I think all might be arranged without——"

"Without what? Speak out man."

"Why, without any spilling of blood."

"You may arrange that way, if you like. Your quarrel is a distinct one, and I've nothing to do with it, having my own hands full. Indeed, if they were empty, I'm not so sure I should second your talking as you do. However, that's not the purpose now. In answer to your first question, I can only say what I've said before. I not only intend fighting this Crozier, but killing him. I may fail in this my intention—if so, there's an end of it, and of me. For once on the ground, I don't leave it a living man if he does. One or both of us shall stay there till we're carried off—dead!"

"*Carramba!* your talk gives me the trembles. It's not pleasant to think of such a thing, let alone doing it."

"Think your own way, and welcome. To me it would be less pleasant to leave it undone, now, than ever in my life. After what I've gone through, I don't care much for character—in truth, not a straw. That's all stuff and pretension. Money makes the man, and without it he's nothing; though he were a saint. Respectability—bah! I don't value it a *claco*. But there's a reputation of another kind I do value, and intend to preserve. Because in my world it counts for something—has counted already."

"What is that?"

"Courage. Losing it, I should lose everything. And in this very city of San Francisco, I'd be only a hound where I'm now a hunter; barked at by every cur, and kicked by every coward who chose to pick a quarrel with me."

"There's no danger of that, DeLara. All who have had dealings with you, know better. There's little fear of any one putting a slight upon *you*."

"There would be if I refused to fight this fellow. Then you'd see the difference. Why, Faustino Calderon, I could not sit at a monte table, and keep the red-shirts from robbing us, if they didn't know 'twould be a dangerous game to play. However, it isn't their respect I value now, but that of one very different."

"Who?"

"Again you ask an idle question; so idle, that I don't believe you care a straw for Inez Alvarez—or know what love is."

"What has she to do with it?"

"She—nothing. That's true enough. I don't care aught for her, or what she might think of me. But I do for Carmen Montijo, and her good opinion. At least, so far that she shan't think me either fool or coward. She may be fancying me the first; but if she do, she'll find herself mistaken. At all events, she'll get convinced that I'm not the last. And if it be as rumor reports, and as you say you've heard, that she's given her heart to this *gringo*, I'll take care she don't bestow her hand upon him—not while I live. When I'm dead, she can do as she likes."

"But after what's passed, do you intend returning to propose to her?"

"I do. Though not till we've finished this affair with the fellows who've interrupted us. Yes; I'll give her every chance to save herself. She shall say yes, or nay, in straight speech, and in so many words. After that, I'll understand how to act. But come! we're wasting time. A duel's a thing won't do to daily over. Do you intend to meet your man, or not?"

"I'd rather not," replies the poltroon, hesitatingly; "that is, if the thing can be arranged. Do you think it can, De Lara?"

"Of course, it can; your thing, as you call it; though not without disgrace to you. You should fight him, Faustino."

"Well; if you say I should, why, I suppose I must. I never fired a pistol in my life, and am only second-rate with the sword. I can handle a *machete*, or a *rachilla*, when occasion calls for it; but these weapons won't be admitted in a duel between gentlemen. I suppose the sailor fellow claims to be one?"

"Undoubtedly he does, and with good reason. An officer belonging to a British man-of-war would call you out for questioning such a claim. But I think you under-rate your skill with the small-sword. I've seen you doing very well with it at Roberto's fencing-school."

"Yes; I took lessons there; but fencing is very different from fighting."

"Never mind. When you get on the duelling-ground, fancy yourself within the walls of Roberto's shooting-gallery, and that you are about to take a fresh lesson in the *art d'escrime*. Above all, choose the sword for your weapon."

"How can I, if I'm to be the challenger?"

"You needn't be. There's a way to get over that. The English officers are not going straight back to their ship; not likely before a late hour of the night. After returning from this ride, I take it they'll stay to dinner at Don Gregorio's, and with wine to give them a start, they will be pretty sure to have a cruise, as they call it, through the town. There, you may meet your man, and can insult him by giving him a cuff, spitting in his face, anything to put the onus of challenging upon him."

"*Por Dios!* I'll do as you say."

"That's right. Now, let us think of what's before us. As we're both to be principals, we can't stand seconds to one another. I know who'll act for me. Have you got a friend you can call upon?"

"Don Manuel Diaz. He's the only one I can think of."

"Don Manuel will do. He's a cool hand, and knows all the regulations of the *duello*. But he's not at home to-day. As I chance to know, he's gone to a *funcion de gallos* at Punta Pedro; and by this time should be in the cockpit."

"Why can't we go there? Or had we better send?"

"Better send, I think. Time's precious—at least mine is. As you know, I must be at the monte-table soon as the lamps are lit. If I'm not, the bank will go begging, and we may lose our customers. Besides, there's my own second to look up, which must be done this day before I lay a hand upon the cards. What hour is it? I've not brought my time-piece with me."

"Twelve o'clock, and a quarter past," answers Calderon, after consulting his watch.

"Only that! Then we'll have plenty of time to get to the cock-tight, and witness a main. Don Manuel has a big bet on his *pardo*. I'd like to stake a doubloon or two myself on that bird. Yes, on reflection, we'd better go ourselves. That will be the surest way to secure the services of Diaz. *Vamonos!*"

At this the two intending duellists again set their steeds in motion; and, riding for a short distance along the shore-road, turn into another, which will take them to Punta Pedro. Their jealous anger still unappeased, they urge their horses into a gallop, riding as if for life, on an errand whose upshot may be death—to one, or both of them.

CHAPTER XII.

A "PASEO DE CABALLO."

The promontory called Punta Pedro is not in San Francisco Bay, but on the outside coast of the Pacific. To reach it from the former, it is necessary to traverse the dividing ridge between the two waters — this a spur of the "Coast Range," which, running higher as it trends southward, is known to Spanish Californians as the San Bruno Mountains. Punta Pedro abuts from their base into the ocean; the coast in this quarter being bold and picturesque, but almost uninhabited. Here and there only the solitary hut of a seal-hunter or fisherman, with a small collection of the same near the Point itself, bearing its name, and a somewhat indifferent reputation. The Anglo-Saxon gold-seekers do not go there: it is only frequented by the natives. From San Francisco to Punta Pedro the road runs past Dolores an ancient mission of the Franciscan monks; whose port was, as already stated, Yerba Buena, previous to becoming rechristened San Francisco. This route De Lara and Calderon have taken, getting into it by a cross cut; and along it they continue to ride, still at a gallop, with faces set for Dolores.

They are not the only equestrians upon that road. The dust kicked up by their horses' hoofs has just settled down, when a second party appears, going in the same direction, though in a gentler gait, for it is a cavalcade composed partly of ladies. It is a quartette, two of each sex; and as the horses are the same already seen standing saddled in the courtyard of Don Gregorio, it is not necessary to give the names of the riders. These can be guessed. Dona Carmen is carrying out the instructions left by her father, who, Californian fashion, supposed he could give his sailor guests no greater treat than a *de caballo*, including an excursion to the old Dolores mission, without a visit to which no exploration of the country around San Francisco can be considered complete. It is not the least of the "lions."

Like most Californian damsels, Don Gregorio's daughter takes delight in the saddle, and spends some part of each day in it. An accomplished *equestrienne*, she could take a five-barred gate, or a bullfinch, with any of the hunting Dianas of England; and if she has not ridden to hounds, she has chased wild horses, mounted on one but little less wild. That on which she now sits seems but half-tamed. Fresh from the stable, he rears and pitches, at times standing erect on his hind legs. For all, his rider has no fear of being unhorsed. She only smiles, pricks him with the spur, and regardlessly strikes him with her *cuarto*. Much after the same fashion acts Inez; for she, too, has learned the Californian style of equitation. The two present a picture that, to the eye unaccustomed to Mexican habits, might seem somewhat *bizarre*. Their mode of mount, as already said, *a la Duchesse de Berri*, their half-male attire, hats of vicuna wool, *calzoncillas* lace-fringed over their feet, buff boots, and large rowelled spurs—all these give them an air of picturesqueness. And if appearing bold, still beautiful, as the South Sea wind flouts back the limp brims of their sombreros, and tosses their hair into dishevelment; while the excitement of the ride brings the color to their cheeks, with flashes of fire from their eyes.

The young English officers regard them with glances of ardent admiration. If they have been but smitten before, they are getting fast fixed now; and both will soon be seriously in love. The *paseo de caballo* promises to terminate in a proposal for a longer journey together—through life, in pairs. They are thus riding: Crozier alongside Carmen, Cadwallader with Inez. The officers are in their uniforms; a costume for equestrian exercise not quite ship-shape, as they would phrase it. On horseback in a naval uniform! It would not do on an English road; the veriest country lout would criticise it. But different in California, where all ride, gentle or simple, in dress of every conceivable cut and fashion, with no fear of ridicule therefor. None need attach to that of Edward Crozier. His rank has furnished him with a frockcoat, which, well-fitting, gives a handsome contour to his person. Besides he is a splendid horseman—has hunted in the shires before he ever set foot aboard a ship. Carmen Montijo perceives this. She can tell it with half a glance. And it pleases her to reflect that her escorting cavalier is equal to the occasion. She believes him equal to anything.

With the other pair the circumstances are slightly different. Willie Cadwallader is no rider, having had but scant practice—a fact patent to all, Inez as the others. Besides, the mid is dressed in a pea-jacket, which, although becoming aboard ship, looks a little *outre* in a saddle, especially upon a prancing Californian steed. Does it make the young Welshman feel ridiculous? Not a bit. He is not the stuff to be humiliated on the score of an inappropriate costume. Nor yet by his inferiority in horsemanship, of which he is himself well aware. He but laughs as his steed prances about—the louder when it comes near throwing him.

How does he appear in the eyes of Inez Alvarez? Does she think him ridiculous? No. On the contrary, she seems charmed; and laughs along with him, delighted with his naivete, and the courage he displays in not caring for consequences. She knows he is out of his own element—the sea. She believes that *there* he would be brave, heroic; among ropes the most skilled of reefers; and if he cannot gracefully sit a horse, he could ride big billows, breasting them like an albatross.

Thus mutually taking each other's measure, the four equestrians canter on, and soon arrive at the Mission. But they do not design to stay there. The ride has been too short, the sweet moments have flown quickly; and the summit of a high hill, seen far beyond, induces them to continue the excursion. They only stop to give a glance at the old monastery, where Spanish monks once lorded it over their red-skinned neophytes; at the church, where erst ascended incense, and prayers were pattered in the ears of the aborigines, by them ill understood. A moment spent in the cemetery, where Carmen points out the tomb inclosing the remains of her mother, dropping a tear upon it—perhaps forced from her by the reflection that soon she will be far from that sacred spot—it may be, never more to behold it. Away from it now; and on that hill from which they can descry the Pacific!

In another hour they have reined up on its top, and behold the great South Sea, stretching to horizon's verge, to the limit of their vision. Before them all is azure and beautiful. Only some specks in the dim distance, the lone isles of the Farralones. More northerly, and not so far off, the "Seal" rock, and that called *de Campana*—from its arcade hollowed out by the wash of waves—bearing resemblance to the belfry of a church. Nearer, a long line of breakers, foam-crested; and nearer still, the strip of stony beach, backed by a broad reach of sand-dunes—there termed *medanos*.

Seated in the saddle, the excursionists contemplate this superb panorama. The four are now together, but soon again separate into pairs, as they have been riding along the road. Some how or other, their horses have thus disposed them; that ridden by Crozier having drawn off with the one carrying Carmen, while the steed so ill managed by Cadwallader has elected to range itself alongside that of Inez. Perhaps the pairing has not been altogether accidental. Whether or no, it is done; and the conversation, hitherto general, is reduced to the simplicity of a dialogue. To report it correctly, it is necessary to take the two pairs apart, giving priority to those who by their years have the right to it. Crozier, looking abroad over the ocean, says: "I shall ere long be upon it." He accompanies the speech with a sigh.

"And I, too," rejoins Carmen, in a tone and with accompaniment singularly similar.

"How soon do you think of leaving California?" queries the young officer.

"Oh, very soon! My father is already making arrangements, and expects we shall go away in a week, if not less. Indeed, he has this day been to see about taking passage for us to Panama. That's why he was not at home to receive you; leaving me to do the honors of the house, and apologise for his seeming rudeness."

For that, certes, no apology was needed, and Crozier is silent, not knowing what next to say. Love, reputed eloquent, is often the reverse; and though opening the lips of a landsman, will shut those of men who follow the sea. There is a modesty about the latter, unfelt by the former, especially in the presence of women. Why, I cannot tell; only knowing that, as a rule, it is so, and certainly in the case of Edward Crozier. In time he gets over his embarrassment, so far as to venture:

"I suppose, Dona Carmen, you are very happy at the prospect of returning to Spain?"

"No, indeed," answers Don Gregorio's daughter. "On the contrary, it makes me rather melancholy. I like California, and could live in it all my life. Couldn't you?"

"Under certain circumstances I could."

"But you like it, don't you?"

"I do now. In ten days from this time I shall no longer care for it."

"Why do you say that, Don Eduardo? There's an enigma in your words. Please explain them?" While asking the question, her gray-blue eyes gaze into his with an expression of searching eagerness, almost anxiety.

"Shall I tell you why, senorita?"

"I have asked you, senor."

"Well, then, I like California now, because it contains the fairest object on earth—to me the dearest, since it is the woman I love. In ten days, or less, by her own showing, she will be away from it; why should I care for it then? Now, Dona Carmen, I've given you the key to what you have called an enigma."

"Not quite. But perhaps you will pardon a woman's curiosity, if I ask the name of the lady who thus controls your likes and dislikes as regard our dear California?"

Crozier hesitates, a red spot starting out upon his cheek. He is about to pronounce a name—perhaps adding a speech, the most important he has ever made in his life, because laden with his life's happiness, or leading to the reverse. What if it should be coldly received? But no; he cannot be mistaken. That question, asked so quaintly, yet so impressively—surely it courted the answer he intends giving it? And he gives it without further reflection—her own name, not an added word: "Carmen Montijo."

"Eduardo," she asks, after a pause, dropping the Don, "are you in earnest? Can I take this as true? Do not deceive me—in honor do not! To you—and I now tell you—I have surrendered all my heart. Say that I have yours!"

"I have said it, Carmen," he, too, adopting the familiar language of love. "Have I not?"

"Sincerely?"

"Look in my eyes for the answer."

She obeys; and both coming closer gaze into one another's eyes; the flashes from the blue crossing and commingling with those from the brown. Neither could mistake the meaning of the glance, for it is the true light of love, pure as passionate. Not another word passes between them. The confession, with its dreaded crisis, is past; and, with hearts quivering in sweet content, they turn their thoughts to the future, full of pleasant promise.

Near by are two other hearts, quite as happy as theirs; though after a scene less sentimental, and a dialogue that, to a stranger overhearing it, might appear spoken in jest. For all, in real earnest, and so ending, as may be inferred from the young Welshman's final speech, with the reply of his Andalusian sweetheart:

"Inez, you're the dearest girl I've met in all my cruisings. Now don't let us beat about any longer, but take in sail, and bring the ship to an anchor. Will you be mine, and marry me?"

"I will."

No need to stay longer there—no object in continuing to gaze over the ocean. The horses seem instinctively to understand this; and, turning together, set heads for home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECEIPTS.

CASTOR OIL is found to be the best and most durable lubricator for buggy axles.

Do not allow trees to grow over and shade your dwelling. They are unhealthy.

GLYCERINE is excellent to rub on chafes, burns or chapped hands or sore nipples.

KEEP your boots well oiled in winter, and they will last longer, while your feet will be both drier and warmer.

WHITE LEAD, ground in oil, is an excellent application for saddle chafes or harness or yoke galls on horse or cattle.

RAW hide makes the best and most durable belting for farm or other machinery. Put the hair side next to the pulley.

A FEW drops of diluted carbolic acid in a kettle of glue will keep it from spoiling for several days, in the warmest weather.

BAD or foul breath will be removed by taking a teaspoonful of the following mixture after each meal: One ounce liquor potassæ, one ounce chloride of soda, one and a half ounce phosphate of soda, and three ounces of water.

THE surplus heat wasted from a common stove will, if conducted through a drum into another room, warm the room as much as a stove would, and will compel the fuel to do double the duty and give double the results.

MAHOGANY CEMENT.—1. Melt beeswax, four ounces; then add Indian red, one ounce, and enough yellow ochre to produce the required tint. 2. Shellac, melted and colored as above. Very hard. To fill up holes and cracks in mahogany.

WHEN color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the acid, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known.

VARNISH brushes should never be allowed to touch water, as it not only injures the elasticity of the hair, but a resinous substance is formed in the bilt of the brush, which can never be thoroughly removed, and which will work out little by little when the brush is used, destroying the glassy surface which otherwise might be obtained.

WINDOW SHADES.—The proper way of fastening window shades to rollers so they will roll up evenly without any hitch or help, is as follows: Nail to the roller a narrow strip of muslin or holland, having it run from end to end in a line which shall be perfectly horizontal when the roller is in place. To this strip tack the shade with strong thread. With strips once well nailed on there need never be any trouble with window shades, no matter how often they may be taken off and tacked on again.

REMOVING GREASE SPOTS WITH BENZINE.—The usual method of moistening the spot with benzine or turpentine, and rubbing with a rag, often until the nap is completely removed, produces at best a very transitory effect, the spot reappearing, if anything, larger and more unsightly after dust settles upon it. The only proper way to completely remove the grease is to lay the soiled part of the garment upon several folds of white blotting paper, moisten it thoroughly with benzine or turpentine, place several folds of blotting paper upon it, and press with a cold iron. The operation should not be conducted near a naked flame, since benzine is very volatile and combustible.

THREAD CASE.—Many ladies are annoyed by their white spool cotton becoming gray with the particles of dust that will accumulate in work-baskets, but do not feel like spending money to purchase a thread case. Here are directions for making a substitute: Take a small pasteboard box (a collar box is good), cut a piece of thin board to fit the box tightly, bore holes in this at convenient distances for the spools to stand, and into the holes fit small wooden pegs an inch in height, and of such size that the spools placed on them will revolve easily; then in the sides of the box pierce small holes for the end of the thread to pass through, and you have the spool case without cost, which, if not as ornamental as a "boughten" one, will be equally useful. If one chooses, the box may be prettily ornamented with gilt paper, flowers cut from wall paper, or any of the various methods for decoration fancy boxes.

THE general talk is Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Craigin & Co., Philadelphia.) There never was a soap so highly and generally praised. It tells a story of its own merits, that cannot be contradicted. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

SEVEN hundred and fifty-four periodicals, mostly weeklies, are published in Paris.

A MASONS' Congress, with delegates from all parts of the world, will be held in London in 1877.

RHODE ISLAND is going to have a rifle range if some adjoining State will permit the targets on its territory.

THE 350 churches in New York city pay annually for church music over $500,000—and some of it not first-class at that.

A SUIT for the value of two hogs has just been settled in Logansport, Indiana, the costs amounting to over two thousand dollars.

CONGRESS is going to be asked to appoint a committee of scientists to study up the insects breeding in the Rocky Mountains.

THE most ancient manufactories are said to be the glass works of Venice and Murano, which have had an uninterrupted existence of twelve centuries.

A NUMBER of ex-officers of the Prussian army are traveling through Georgia, prospecting for a location for a large colony of German artisans.

THE work of sinking a shaft to the depth of one hundred metres has been begun on the French coast near Calais. This is the preliminary operation upon the Channel tunnel.

CARDINAL MANNING has conceived the plan of "a splendid cathedral," to be erected in London near Westminster Abbey, of such magnificent proportions, that it may take a hundred years for its completion.

A LARGE lake has been discovered about forty miles west of Laramie, Wyoming Territory, in the bottom of which is a thick layer of sulphate of magnesia or epsom salts almost in a pure state.

MIGUEL CORDOVA, a Spaniard in San Francisco, has a thousand finger rings from all quarters of the globe, representing every nation and age; the most valuable collection in the United States, if not in the world.

A GENTLEMAN from Russia has come to this country to discover how Americans make such fine butter and cheese. At present he is in Herkimer county, New York, looking up the cheese matters. He then goes to Chautauqua county to see about the butter

'Who Will Suffer?'

IT IS NOW 37 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public; warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

A True Woman.

It is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggist everywhere.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

A French lady writes:

Mons. Gouraud.—'Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, *Mon Ami*, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it *le delice des dames, en un mot, je suis enchante de le cosmetique et j'en vous remercie de tout mon cœur.*

EMILLE DESMOULINS, Madison Ave.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, Nov. 27, 1875.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—21 *Park Row.*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

Subscribers.—Those whose time expires at the end of the year will oblige us much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They will thus prevent the delay in forwarding their paper which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown upon us at that time; and it would also have a tendency to prevent mistakes, which often result from a great pressure of business. During the Holidays we shall have so much to do that it will be sometimes impossible to fill orders in less time than two or three weeks, but if subscribers will remit NOW, their names would not be taken off the list and their Chromos will be shipped to them AT ONCE, in time for Christmas. A receipt will be sent by us for one year's subscription, dating from the time when the last expired. We hope, therefore, that our subscribers will bear this in mind, and RENEW AT ONCE.

Agents can make money, if they will only go to work at once. Now is the best season of all the year. We offer better commissions than any paper in the United States, and in addition to this, Every Agent has a chance of getting one of the TWENTY GOLD PREMIUMS, which we offer to the agents getting the largest lists of subscribers.

We are now prepared to fill all orders promptly, either from Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, or Philadelphia. We have the most popular paper in the country.

It is the *only* purely Literary and Family Paper published in the Great Centennial City. It contains every week the very latest and the most authentic information regarding the coming Centennial, together with illustrations of all the more important buildings.

We have the largest, finest, and most popular Chromo ever given with a paper. "IT IS A NATIONAL PICTURE."

Send for an outfit, and get to work at once.

There ought to be a club of subscribers for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST at every Post Office in the United States. There are nearly **40,000** of these post offices, and this paper now goes to about one-third of them, and we want to be represented at the other two-thirds.

There can be clubs at all these places if some person who wants to engage in a pleasant business and get well paid for it, will send for our terms to agents and then take hold of the work.

There will be no trouble in getting subscribers if the paper and our beautiful premium are shown to the people; the paper will commend itself to every person of good taste, and the premium will be an ornament to any home.

There are now many persons out of employment, who are well adapted to this business, and who can make a good salary right along by taking subscribers for the Post. We invite all such to send to us for particulars. We *know* they will not regret having done so.

If you don't want to engage in the business yourself, you know of persons at your Post Office, or at others, who would be glad to have the agency. Will you not do us and them a favor by sending us their names and addresses? And then by first mail we will send them our circulars to Agents, and they can at once engage in a pleasant and profitable business.

OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES.

It is an inevitable law of nature, which is also a law of God, that the natural resources of this country must in future produce national wealth. It is inevitable. You will hear the anvil ring with a sturdier blow; you will see the furnace glow with a fiercer fire; you will see the wheel-buckets strike with a swifter dash. America has not been discovered yet. Various Americas have been found, but there are better ones, perhaps, to come. Columbus found only the shell of the country. Agassiz came along and discovered fossiliferous America. Silliman came along and discovered geological America. Audubon came and discovered ornithological America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America; but there are other Americas yet to be found. Our resources have not all been tested. We have a land capable of supporting three thousand six hundred millions of people—feeding them, clothing them, sheltering them. We have just begun to open the south side door of the great underground vault in which this nation holds its treasures—the copper, the zinc, the coal, the iron, the gold, the silver. The great railroads have only just begun to bring the harvests of the West down to our seaboards. The American fishers have only just begun to cast their nets on the right side of the ship. The dry docks have but just begun to set the keels and clamp the spars of our trading vessels. Our national resources are not like the silver and gold of other days and other lands, hung in clumsy ornaments about the neck or moulded into unwieldy tankards; but our national wealth goes forth to claim the spices of the East, and the furs of the North, and the fruits of the South, until the glories of the whole earth begin to look out of the windows of the mansions and the bazars of our American cities. What populations, what enterprises, what wealth, what civilization you might argue from the *coal-fields!* What an advance from the time when, under Edward the First, a man was put to death for burning coal, and from the time when the House of Commons forbade the use of what it called the "noxious fuel," to these days, when the long trains rush down from the mines, and fill our coal bins and gorge the furnaces of our ocean steamers!

MY TREASURES.

BY FANNIE A. STALL ALDEN.

Two little white robed forms bending at my knee;
Two pairs of earnest eyes looking up to me.

Two bowed heads crowned with golden hair;
Two pairs of ruby lips breathe an evening prayer.

Four small folded hands, dimpled and white;
Two sweet voices murmuring "good night!"

Oh! may I be faithful to the trust Thou'st given—
Training and moulding tender hearts for heaven!

One little white robed form lies very cold and still;
Snowy moss rose buds the dimpled hands fill.

One little sleeper lies in the rosewood cot;
One more tiny grave in the homestead lot.

Our precious birdling flown from the parent nest!
Another little cherub safe on the Saviour's breast!

Too lovely for this earth our dark eyed babe had grown,
So a radiant angel fluttered down, and claimed him for his own!

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. D. CARLISLE.

There is a jealous attention to the outward expression of a gentleman in these days. The merchant tailors have thrived wonderfully on it. Perhaps in this we may be able to find something, as a reason why young men are so averse to learning a trade, since they have somehow gathered the idea that disadvantages of employment present themselves as obstacles to the look of a gentleman. They want to run into the professions to escape the bent look of the shoemaker, the bowed form of the tailor, the heavy-footed ploughman, or the sallow scholar. These people, he argues, do not possess that natural freedom and ease, nor can they pay that strict attention to personal appearance that the word gentleman—to them—implies. They say that a man awkward from bashfulness is a clown, and forget that a young man simply trying to be a gentleman in looks is an upstart, a straggling impersonation of the real character, mushroomed from the newest soil, for pure romantic enthusiasm, and on absolutely ideal principles. Our streets throng with these on Sunday mornings, or week-day evenings. They strut, and that no gentleman does. You catch them off their balance in an instant. Ask one of them to favor you with a light, and his forced politeness reveals his infatuation. And what a dream he is having in the infatuation that he is being taken for something he is not. Trying to deceive others, and only cheating himself. There is nothing of that certain *retenu*, a conscious decorum. He has not learned that, and is in a fog.

After all, young man, this appearing is a bare superficial test of the real qualifications of a gentleman. If nature has fitted you for a niche you will remain there, unless you borrow a little from a good heart, a noble mind, and with a little reflection of the looks of the world, make you a gentleman's look, by being a gentleman. Your tailor may exhaust his talent, your hatter block forever, and your shoemaker study the anotomy of feet, but all combined cannot sink the defects which rot you of the nobleman's look. If even ordinarily endowed, you possess the tools within the workship of your own mind, to carve out a gentleman.

A gentleman understands, and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts the same. And this politeness has reference almost entirely to this same reciprocal manifestation of good will and good opinion towards each other in casual society. Morality—as our sentiments and conduct have a connection with the ultimate and important consequences—regulates all there. In personal intercourse manners regulate our words. Perhaps these have little to do with real kindness of intention or practical services, but they are the garb, or appearance, which really smooth and varnish over discordant elements. A man can possess the manners of a gentleman without the look, and he can be a gentleman be he ever so ill-looking. A blackguard in tailor's suits is only a sort of refined brute, but you meet thousands of *gentlemen in hod-carrier's garments*. This last man may be in ignorance of forms or deficient in that polite breeding taught in the schools, but he turns from his toil to answer your question, and you recognize a gentleman.

Do not get it into your head that something effeminate as well as the commonplace enters into the composition of a gentleman. Such as splitting the hair in the middle, being so graceful at croquet that you cut a sorry figure, and lose the exercise the game affords, sacrificing all to the Graces. Rather be Ferdinand in the "Tempest," a king's son carrying logs. The *Petit-Maitre* in pretension will kill you.

THE most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our comfort, and all in it, even to the dog and cat, share our affection. Do not refine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

WINDOW GARDENING.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

FERNS AND FERNERIES.

"Wild blossoms of the common land, brave tenants of the earth,
Your breathings were among the first that helped my spirit's birth;
For how my busy brain would dream, and how my heart would burn,
Where gorse and heather flung their arms above the forest fern."

—*Eliza Cook.*

The fern case offers the very simplest of all means of household plant and pleasures. Many who cannot afford a greenhouse, or conservatory, or to go to the expense of fitting up a plant cabinet, will find an abundant solace in this simple and inexpensive method of growing window plants.

The advantage of these small glass cases for plants are numerous. They take up very little room, being usually ornamental enough to be placed on any table or parlor stand. When once filled,

PARLOR FERNERY.

they need little or no attention for weeks; require no unusual care as to watering; can be readily removed from one room to another; and are not as quickly affected by changes of temperature as plants in the open air of our sitting rooms. One especial favorable feature about them is that they afford the only successful means of obviating the effect of the dry heated air in our dwellings. They are reached by no dust, are not affected by the noxious inhalations of the coal fires or gaslights; and when a breath of air accidentally enters the room, they are not chilled or frosted if the thermometer should chance to fall below 32°. To any one living amid the anxieties of a troublesome parlor garden, which they cannot manage, there are but one or two satisfactory ways left for enjoyment. Either get a fern case, or be content with a simple hanging-basket.

We will first briefly explain the principle of fern cases, and the operation and life of plants therein. Those who have ever observed plants under bell glasses or shades, must have noticed that the moisture often collects so quickly inside as to actually prevent the plant from being seen, and have doubtless wondered where this moisture came from. The answer is: "*From the earth and the plants, by exhalation, i. e., vegetable perspiration.*" It collects so largely simply because we confine it, and prevent its escape by evaporation by making the case air-tight. By being thus air-tight, this moisture is not only confined, but a constant and abundant supply of it is kept up, for the plants must have a congenial atmosphere of their own, and cannot live without the proper moisture.

Whether the case is of wood, glass, or metal, it is necessary to have a pan in which to hold the plants; zinc pans are the best; tin should not be used, as it will soon rust and wear out. Four inches in depth for these pans will be found to be the most suitable for all purposes. A side opening to the glass case, whether by hinged doors or sliding panes, is to be preferred in all cases; this avoids reaching in at the top of the fern case, which often results in the breaking of the fronds or the leaves. The height of the case is an important point. It should be high enough to allow the fronds to develop and expand to full size, and a good rule is to have the height equal to twice the diameter of the [illegible].

The *soil* should be carefully attended to; no common garden earth will answer. For ferns, choose leaf mould one part, silver sand one part, dry friable peat two parts. Wherever you see ferns growing near the edge of woods or running streams, you can be safe in taking some of the same soil. The bottom of the pan may be covered with a layer of powdered charcoal, or bricks or gravel broken to the size of hazel nuts to a depth of one inch only. When the soil has been placed in the pan, press firmly that all the plants may be set solidly.

The fern cases may be shifted from one window to another, at pleasure, with little fear of dangerous consequences, as they will do well anywhere. If placed in a south window, keep them back a little from the heat of the midday sun. A half-shady position is better than a sunny one. A northern outlook will suit admirably if not too cold—an eastern or western one is at all times suitable.

The secret of good management consists in watering well after planting, and then shutting up the case, and leaving it to itself. There will be no occasion to water again, as the closed case prevents all evaporation. As it is too late in the season now to obtain specimens from the woods wherewith to stock a fern case, it would be best to go to the nearest greenhouse where ferns are grown, and procure some small seedlings. These come up in great quantities in the pots, also on the earth of the pan on which the pots rest, and in fact everywhere that the spores chance to sow themselves. In this way we can frequently get a half dozen varieties of ferns. For moderate sized cases, the following are the most suitable in size and habit:

Asplenium auritum and Asplenium bulbiferum, Adiantum capillus Veneris, A. assimile, A. acristatum, Doodia aspera, D. caudata, Pteris geraniefolia, P. Cretica, P. heterophylla, and Blechnum gracile. There are many others, but a simple list like this is sufficient. For tall ferns choose *Polypodium aureum, P. appendiculatum, Pteris argyrea, Asplenium Brasiliense, Adiantum macrophyllum, Anemia Phyllitidis.*

After these have been transferred to the fern case, their daily growth will afford a very pleasant and interesting study; the watching the delicate fronds as they unfold, their gradual change and growth from the first appearance to the full development is a never ending source of amusement and gratification, and will amply repay for the watching.

There are some varieties of the *Lygodiums*, such as *apodum, densum, caesium, arboreum*, which might be planted with advantage, as their roots will extend over the earth, covering the bare spots with a fresh green carpet of delicate growth.

There is a very pretty and graceful plant, not a fern, which, however, does exceedingly well in a fern case. We refer to *Ficus stipulata*. This plant, or vine, is a very free grower, and climbs up the side of the case by its roots, which, aided by the moisture on the glass, spread and adhere to it. It is a hard wooded plant, roots quickly from cuttings, and grows so freely as to fill a moderate sized case very rapidly.

After we have become accustomed to growing ferns in the case, we will perhaps crave a little variety. This can be easily had, and in order to show how, we will look a little into the curiosities of growth and reproduction. If we look on the under side of fern fronds, we find something resembling a brown powder,

ANOTHER FERNERY.

adhering thickly in regularly distributed masses of varied shapes, depending upon the species. Examining these with a magnifying glass or microscope, we find they are seeds or spores. Shake these spores over the surface of the earth in an ordinary fern case, after it has been well smoothened. The earth should be well watered previous to scattering the spores. In about a month or six weeks, looking carefully on the surface, we will see slight specks of green, which are living organisms of vegetation; and when, at a little later date, they become larger, we have the satisfaction of being able to say they are the seedlings sown by our own hand.

In our travels through the woods and parks, if we carry our herbarium with us, we could gather the fronds of every variety of fern we meet which contain fertile spores. From these spores, we would get a quantity of seedlings, many of them of strange forms, and some even differing from the parent plant. Thus, our love and knowledge of plant-life will increase, and we would get to cherish our fern case with more and more pleasure, for its opening unto us a new world.

In a subsequent number we will give illustrations and descriptions of some very tasteful fancies in the way of Ferneries and Rookeries, combined with an Aquarium for windows. These are in great favor with the Germans, who have a greater fondness and taste for Window Gardening than any other nation. We shall also give in a future number some directions for making a fern case at home, for the benefit of those who, from motives of economy, or from inability to procure them ready-made, would like to try and construct one for themselves. The directions are simple, and such as can be carried out almost anywhere.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

Some people think a day of fasting and prayer would be more appropriate than Thanksgiving day. The following history of Thanksgiving may therefore be instructive:

When New England was first planted the settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is necessarily the case when a civilized people attempt to establish themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed they sought relief from Heaven by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourses on the subject of their difficulties kept their minds gloomy and discontented, and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to the land which persecution had determined them to abandon. At length when it was proposed to the Assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense arose, and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as might have been expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth had begun to reward their labors, and to furnish liberally for their assistance; that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet, the climate wholesome; above all, they were in the full enjoyment of liberty—civil and religious. He therefore thought that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending to make them more contented with their situation; and it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a Thanksgiving. His advice was taken, and from that day to this they have in every year observed circumstances of public happiness sufficient to furnish employment for Thanksgiving day.

CHILDREN.

"Why not let your children play on Sunday, if the play is innocent and harmless, and does not interfere with the comfort of others?" Enforce unnatural quietness of behavior on your little ones, because it is God's holy day, and their young hearts will instantly rise in rebellion against such a law. Children's indoor plays should be quiet and gentle; but out-of-doors, let them romp, run, and shout to their heart's content. If you do not show that you sympathise with your children, they will look elsewhere for that great necessity of their natures. A clergyman sat in his study writing his sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger, said: "Look, papa! how I hurt it." The father looked around hastily, and said, a little impatiently: "Sonny, I can't help it!" and went on writing. His little boy's eyes opened wider, he ceased to weep, but he muttered in a low, indignant tone, as he went out: "Yes you could; you might have said 'Oh!'" There was, perhaps, a better sermon for the minister in those words than the one he was preparing for his flock, if he only knew it.

FOR EVER.

What a strange thing is the human heart! How incomprehensible its hopes and its fears, its loves and its hates! How utterly unmanageable it is! How impossible it is to predict what it will be to-morrow, next week, next year—whom it will banish from its tenderness, whom it will hold in its innermost recesses. A woman, at least, learns, before her youth is over, that she cannot say, "For ever and for ever" to *anyone*, as she thought she could in her dreams. She also learns that to bury dead love and hope and sweetness with "For ever" would be as great a wrong to herself as it would be to earth to cover summer's buds and blossoms with perpetual winter snow, and say there shall be no blossom-time again forever. For it is not, you see, that we *forget* last summer's flowers. They will always have their own peculiar perfume, the sudden memory of which may bring a tear to the cheek; but because these violets have faded, that heliotrope dropped into purple ashes, shall we refuse to pluck the crimson rose that nods gaily to us, or to enjoy the fragrance of the honeysuckle? They did not bloom last year, but are they less sweet? There is no time in our life—oh, sweet time! once gone it comes no more—when "for ever" is a sacred term to us; when we ask no more than to stop the wheels of time, and let all the clocks in the world run down during the period of courting! To our minds, Time's scythe is very cruel. He cuts down the flowers; he wounds those in his way; he is a robber, a thief, a murderer! Ay, so he is; but we learn at length that he is a *physician* also. He heals many a cruel stab long before he gives us the sleeping potion that we all drink at last.

You—who have dreamt dreams and seen visions in love's magic glass, yes, and awakened from them, too—do you remember how you took Henry's ring from your finger, and thought you bound all joy up with the letters and the lock of hair you sent back to him? And yet *to-day* you hold William's letters in your hand, and ask yourself if you shall answer "yes" or "no," to its question. And as you write you score out the "for ever" from your life. You will never make any more vows of perpetual constancy; though, if there is truth in your heart, you will be true all the same.

THE SATURDAY EVENING HERALD is the title of a handsome eight page weekly journal, recently started in Chicago, which is specially devoted to Literature, Music, Art, Society News, and the Drama. It has been a subject of frequent remark, that while all other large cities can boast of one or more journals representing the interests of literature and society, Chicago, with a population of nearly half a million, should have been so long without a publication of this character. This want the Saturday Evening Herald, judging from the five numbers which have been already published, is fast supplying, and there is not the slightest doubt that it will become the recognized medium for information on all literary and social topics. We cannot speak too highly of the excellence of the reading matter, the beauty of its typographical and mechanical appearance, and the refinement and good taste which mark the department specially devoted to Society Gossip.

PERSONALITIES.

TITIENS has been holding forth in New York at Steinway's.

TENNYSON smokes a clay pipe, not desiring that his poetry should smack of mere sham.

IT is said that General Sherman has already realized thirty thousand dollars from the sale of his "Memoirs."

THIERS is a reproach to the hotel-keepers of Switzerland. He carries his bed with him when he travels.

THE distinguished electrician, Prof. Charles Wheatstone, to whom the invention of electric telegraphy is often attributed, died recently in Paris.

THE eminent musical composer, Gounod, recently fell down stairs in his residence and was seriously injured. He is, however, slowly recovering.

THE last surviving child of John C. Calhoun, Mrs. Floride Clemson, died recently in South Carolina. She was a lady of high social and domestic excellence and literary attainments.

THE Cologne *Gazette* reaffirms the statement that the Crown Prince of Germany will visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and says the eighteen-gun corvette Elizabeth will convey him to America.

THE remaining members of the once powerful tribe of Narragansett Indians are living on a small spot of ground in the neighborhood of Westerly, Rhode Island. They stick to agriculture, are eminently religious, and never meddle in stocks or taste rum.

MR. FARWELL made a clean score of seven bull's eyes, including his sighting shots, at eight hundred yards at Creedmoor last month, and, having finished his score in advance of his comrades, continued shooting, recording twenty consecutive "bull's eyes," a feat never before accomplished in the history of long range rifle practice.

THE Marquis of Lorne, or to give him his full name and titles, John Douglas Sutherland, Marquis of Lorne, K. T., M. P., Lieutenant Colonel of Argyleshire Volunteers, has just written a poem of three thousand lines, entitled "Guido and Lita," of which MacMillan & Co. are the publishers. This is, we believe, the first literary effort of the young marquis, and, taking that into consideration, the volume deserves more praise than if it was the production of a more experienced poet.

A DISPATCH from London announces that her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Edinburgh, was safely delivered of a daughter. This incident increases the tally of the Queen's grandchildren to twenty-seven, twenty-four of whom are still alive, and that of her total living progeny to thirty-three, including three unmarried children, and the Princess Louise, who is married, but without family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were married at St. Petersburgh, January 23, 1874, and their first child, a son, was born to them upon the 15th of the following October.

WHAT "AMERICAN GIRL" WON.—"American Girl" has brought a good deal of money into the pockets of her owner. In 1869 she is credited with ten races, winning for her owner over $18,300. In 1870 she was engaged in eleven races, winning first money in seven and second and third money in the balance, amounting in all to $10,350. In 1871, in twelve races, she won $15,400. In 1872 she won, in eight races, $13,440. In 1873, twelve races placed to her credit $14,000. In 1874, in fifteen races, she won $19,650. During the present year, and up to the time of her death, she was eight times engaged, winning first, second and third money, $7400, making a grand total of $102,800; thus earning for her owner the handsome income of $12,850 a year.

THE unveiling of Foley's statue of Stonewall Jackson, in the Capitol Square at Richmond, Va., took place recently, and was the occasion of the greatest public demonstration ever witnessed in that city. The streets were decorated with evergreens and flags of all nations, the American and English colors predominating. Vast crowds filled the sidewalks, and the procession, which took an hour and a half to pass a given point, was composed of the military companies of Richmond, both infantry and artillery, visiting companies from Norfolk, Petersburg, Charlotteville, Staunton, Williamsburg, and from North Carolina; cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, and of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg, Va.; surviving members of commands of the late war, including those of the Stonewall Brigade; the Catholic Societies of Richmond, students of Richmond College, singing and other societies, and a long line of carriages and other vehicles.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

SIAM has already commenced to ship goods to the Centennial via Liverpool.

THERE are indications that a large number of royal personages will be present at the Exhibition next year.

FRANCE has applied for 5000 square feet of space in Machinery Hall, in addition to the 10,000 originally asked for.

THE Steinways of piano fame have given to Governor Bigler the sum of one thousand dollars for the Centennial, without taking any stock.

THE Pope has determined to become an exhibitor at the Centennial Exhibition, and will send two mosaics, representing a Madonna, painted by Raphael, and a St. Agnes, by Gentili.

UP to this time there have been received 1231 applications for space in Machinery Hall, of which 921 are from exhibitors in the United States, and 300 from foreign exhibitors. At the Vienna Exhibition there were only 959 exhibitors in the Department of Machinery.

THE following countries have resident commissioners in this country to the Centennial: Argentine Confederation, Austria, Orange Free State, Ecuador, France, German Empire, Guatemala and Salvador, Honduras, Liberia, Netherlands, Peru, Sandwich Islands, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and Venezuela.

THE Central Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroads have determined to erect on the Centennial grounds a building two stories high for the exhibition of articles from Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, now being collected under the auspices of the above railroads, and intended to illustrate the agricultural and mineral wealth of those regions.

ELEVEN New York regiments, three from Massachusetts, five from Pennsylvania, two from New Jersey, and companies from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, South Carolina, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco, have agreed to attend the Centennial. Probably regiments from Richmond, Va., and Baltimore, Md., will attend, so that with our own military a fine display will be made.

DIRECTOR GENERAL GOSHORN has received a communication from Mr. Dannfelt, Commissioner General of Sweden, in which he is informed that the Swedish school-house, which has been constructed for exhibition here next year, will arrive about the middle of November on the steamship Illinois. Two pieces of heavy ordnance are ready for shipment, one of which weighs 700 cwt., and is of entirely new construction. On the 23d of October there was shipped from Sweden 500 boxes of goods for exhibition.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias of Pennsylvania was held on October 20th, at Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, to consider what public demonstrations shall be made by the Order in honor of the Centennial year. It was decided, first, that there will be a parade of the Order during the fourth week of August, 1876; second, that there shall be a public reception held by the Supreme Lodge in the Academy of Music or other hall; third, that a medal shall be struck in commemoration of the event; and fourth, that a banquet, ball or festival shall be held in honor of the Supreme Lodge.

THE Franco-American Union is energetically endeavoring to secure funds for the erection of a magnificent memorial statue of Independence, in honor of the Centennial. Mr. Ed. Laboulaye, chairman of the committee having the work in hand, writes thus:

"On the solemn occasion of the Centennial anniversary of American Independence, France, desirous to participate in the joy of her American brothers, and faithful in her old traditions, wishes to celebrate with them that noble liberty which represents the glory of the United States, and which by its example enlightens the modern people. The country of Lafayette aspires to give a striking expression of the sympathy which breathes in her heart as well to-day as since long years ago."

This colossal statue will be thirty-three metres high, which is more than a hundred feet high. It will be copper. The first model is ready and adopted. The work is performed by the celebrated sculptor, Aug. Bartholdi, already well known in America by his productions. The pedestal, decorated with allegories about the history of the United States, will be nearly seventy-five feet high. The whole monument, from the soil to the summit of the hand, will attain two hundred feet.

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHERE THEY DON'T LIKE GIRLS.—Do any of our little girl readers know that there are countries on the earth, where they would not be so well and dearly loved as here. A crow who lived for many years in India told me once of a little case that came under his notice, and which shows very plainly how little girls are looked upon, in that summer country. Two little girls, both of what would be called "good families," with us, were playing together, when, all in fun, they began disputing over the size of a certain plaything which one of them had at home. The little girl who owned the toy said, "It is so very little," and the other asked her. "How little?" "Oh, it is the wee-est thing." But her playmate still wanted to know more definitely, or to use her own words. "How wee?" Then the little one who possessed the toy thought a moment, and puzzled her young brain to find a proper comparison, and then, all of a sudden, looking up with an air of satisfaction, as though there could no longer be any doubt or question as to its "wee-ness," she said, "It is as little as was my father's joy when I was born." Does not this tell the whole story how they look upon girl babies as necessary nuisance, and keep all their love for the boys? I do not think that the grimmest of Ravens could shape a moral more forcible and unpleasant than the one the little girl gave.

KEEPING STILL.—Have you never tried, dear children, to remain perfectly quiet for a few minutes? Perhaps some one has held a watch and promised you something you wanted ever so much, if you would only keep perfectly still for five minutes. And do you remember how hard it was, how every little fibre the doctor calls a nerve seemed to be itching for a chance to jump, how loudly your little hearts would go pit-i-pat until you thought something was going to break, and how it seemed impossible to keep quiet a second longer, when just then you saw the watch case close, and knew you could romp again as much as you pleased. Well, in the capital of Russia, where the Czar lives, there are great halls set apart expressly for the paintings which tell of the battles of Russia, from the days of old Peter the Great to the present. Long lines of paintings fill the sides and the ends of these halls, the size of which you can imagine from the fact that a company of soldiers is stationed in each one, on duty, and it is of these soldiers that I want to say a few words. A certain regiment has a certain hall given into its charge, and the companies of the regiment relieve each other every six hours. During the entire six hours of each company's guard, every man of the company stands at his particular post, as stiff and still as though he were made of iron. Just like statues they stand, and do not seem even to breathe. One would almost think that they were all well done wax figures, were it not that now and then their eyelids close, for the briefest part of a second. You would suppose that they changed their positions somewhat, when no visitors were present, but no matter how suddenly any one goes into one of these halls, no one has ever yet seen a soldier move a muscle while on guard. Do you think this is a punishment? Don't pity them, if you please, because the soldiers of Russia deem it a high favor to be enrolled in these same regiments, and consider it an honor to stand on guard in these halls. So, the next time you have to keep still for a few minutes, no matter what the reason why may be, remember the six hours' stand of the Russian soldier, and the lesson it teaches of "patience to the end."

CLEAN HANDS.—If any boy or girl who reads this does not know who Lord Byron was, a question to an older brother or sister will bring the answer that he was an English nobleman, who was rich and peculiar and free and generous, who wrote some of the finest of English poetry, and who lost his life in the war for the freedom of Greece. Among the peculiarities of this poet-soldier, was one which reflected credit upon his good sense. When he met a stranger and was introduced to him, he never looked at his clothes, as most people do, but at his hands. If the stranger had dirty hands or dark-colored finger-nails, the poet would have nothing to do with him, but, on the other side, if his hands and nails were clean, then Byron was willing to become his friend.

SWIMMING ACROSS.—Grip remembers the time when this same Lord Byron swam across the narrow Hellespont, and all the world wondered, but since Paul Boynton, in his ocean armor, and Captain Webb, without armor, have both swam across the English channel from England to France, and since a young girl has traveled for several miles down the Thames, we may soon look in the *N. Y. Herald's* shipping news for a list of "Swimmers arrived," and see "Captain John Smith, Liverpool," "Paul Perot and family, Nova Scotia," and so on. At the same time, children, wait until some one has gone over before you, and don't try to be the first one across.

DIFFICULTIES.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the great novelist of England, said that nothing was worth having that was not difficult to obtain. He thought that we never valued anything which came of its own free will to us, but that if hard work won it for us, we would take care of it and appreciate it. I wonder if that is the reason so many toys are broken in the nurseries of the rich?

GONE TO POT.—Do you know the origin of this very common though not very elegant expression? Many years ago, in a city in England there lived a poor tailor whose shop was so near the entrance to the cemetery that he could see, from his bench, all the funerals as they went in, and so he hung a little earthen pot just inside his door, and for every funeral he would drop a small stone into the pot. In this way he kept a record of the number of persons buried, although the only use of such a record was for the gratification of his own and his neighbors' curiosity. At last, however, came a morning when the little shop was not opened as usual, and when a passer-by asked the reason, the neighbors told him that the tailor had "gone to pot." The man of the needle and thread was dead, and he who had dropped so many stones for others, into the pot, had gone the long road, and some other's hand must "send him to pot."

AN EDITOR-KING.—Who can he be? Why, no greater or less a personage than our friend, Kaladuua, of the Sandwich Islands, away out in the Pacific ocean. Did you see him when he came on to the United States, nearly two years ago? Grip saw him for a moment, as he was lighting a cigar, and he is not so homely as you might imagine, when you think that he has been an editor, and is now a king.

"WITH A SHUDDERING MOAN, HE SUNK BACK SENSELESS IN HIS CHAIR."

TIDE-MARKS.

It was low tide when we went to Bristol; and the great grey rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up on all their sides was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked my friend.

"Oh! that is the tide-mark," she replied.

"Every day, when the tides comes in, the water rises until it reaches that line, and, in a great many years, it has worn the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"Oh!" thought I, "that is all, is it?" Well, I have seen a great many people that carry tide-marks on their faces. Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead; and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said:

"Draw down the blind, now, Carrie; the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted: and Carrie drew the blind, and turned her face away from the window. Oh, dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles; the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout, and the queer marks on her forehead had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl!" I thought. "How badly you will feel, when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide-marks of passion! for these ever ill tempers leave their marks just as surely as the ocean does; and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave."

Take care, little folks, and whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the tide-marks.

A STORY FOR THE GIRLS.

Sit down on the porch, children, and let me tell you about Aunt Rachel and the story she once told me. One day, when I was about twelve years old, I had planned to go after strawberries; but Aunt Rachel said to me, "A girl of your age should begin to learn how to do housework. Take off your hat, roll up your sleeves, and help me do the baking."

I pouted and sighed and shed tears, but was encouraged by the promise that I might go after the baking. Under good Aunt Rachel's directions I mixed a big loaf of bread, placed it on a tin as bright as a new dollar, and was rubbing the flour off my hands when she called out, "This will never, never do, child; you haven't scraped your bread-bowl clean."

I shall never forget the picture she made standing there, her eyes regarding me sternly, one hand resting on her hip, while in the other she held the untidy bowl.

"It will never do, child," she went on. "It is not only untidy, but it makes too much waste; to be a good housekeeper, you must learn to be economical. You have heard the story of the young man who wanted an economical wife?"

"No," I answered, and I might have added that I didn't wish to hear it, either.

"Well," she continued, "he was a very likely young man, and he wanted a careful wife; so he thought of a way he could find out. One morning he went to call upon the different girls of his acquaintance, and asked them each for the scrapings of their bread-bowls to feed his horses. You see they all wanted him, so they got all they could for him. Finally, he found a girl who hadn't any, so he asked her to be his wife, because he thought she must be economical. Now," said Aunt Rachel, triumphantly, "suppose a young man should ask you for the scrapings of your bread-bowl, what would you say?"

"What would I say?" I repeated scornfully; "why, I'd tell him if he couldn't afford to buy oats for his horses they might starve. I wouldn't rob the pig to feed them."

I suppose Aunt Rachel thought that lesson was all lost on me; but as true as you live, I never knead the bread to this day without thinking of her lesson in economy.

THE PUMPKIN.—A THANKSGIVING ODE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rocks, and the trees, and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire rain.

O the banks of the Xenil, the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
But with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man sees his mother once more
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before
What moistens the lips and brightens the eye—
What calls back the Past like the rich Pumpkin Pie?

O! fruit of loved boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces were carved on its skin,
Daring out through the dark from a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for a team.

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter or better
Ever smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine,
And the prayer—which my mouth is too full to express—
Steals my heart that thy shadow may never grow less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow;
And thy life be as sweet, and its last summer sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

THE FOUND AND THE LOST.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

There had been a terrible storm along the coast, and the rumor had reached us, that the "Eva Gore" was lost, with all on board. Then came the torturing suspense of brooding hope and dispair. Oh! the weary, weary days! and oh! the weary nights!—sleepless, tearful nights, for which morning had no brightness in store!

News came at last. The dreadful uncertainty gave place to the more dreadful certainty. The officers of a vessel just arrived in New York, reported having passed the wreck of the "Eva Gore," a few days previously. There was no doubt about the matter at all;—the name was distinctly visible, and there was every indication, that every soul on board had perished.

How cold and unfeeling this language seems! as though I were chronicling the merest bit of ordinary gossip. But my heart aches and my tears flow, as the memory of that season of bitter suffering comes back again.

Alden Yorke was mate of "Eva Gore." He had been my playmate through infancy and childhood, my lover and affianced husband during all the bright fleeting years since. A few short weeks more, on his return from this voyage, we were to be married. He was to give up the sea, and we were to settle down upon a farm, close by the old people—his parents and mine,—and peace, content, and happiness, were to wait upon our steps, ever after.

This was what I fondly imagined; but now all was changed. The darkness, and chill, and horror, of the grave, had swallowed up every hope. All the beauty and gladness of my life had gone with the mortal form of my loved one, down, down, beneath the cruel treacherous waves of the remorseless ocean. And not for me alone, had existence thus suddenly become a pain and a torture. Even in my own dispair, I was not blind to the suffering of my dear old friends—my almost parents—the father and mother of my lost Alden. He was their only son,—the light of their eyes, and the pride of their hearts; and his final return, our marriage, and plans for our future establishment, had occupied their minds, and furnished nearly the sole subjects of their conversation, for the last half year.

Well, we bore our grief with what patience and resignation we could—as others have done, and are doing, and will continue to do, while the world stands—and two years dragged slowly by. Long before this time, both Mrs. Yorke and myself, had abandoned all thoughts of ever seeing our loved one again, till the sea shall give up its dead; but Mr. Yorke, although he had for the last few months, refrained from dwelling upon the subject—as he had done at first,—devising possible chances of rescue, and rehearsing remarkable instances of such a nature, which he had heard or read of—still, it was evident to us, that he clung to the deceitful hope that "his boy" would yet return.

But the doubt, the anxiety, the "hope deferred," bore harder upon him, than the dread certainty would have done. He was restless and nervous; sometimes unnaturally cheerful, and again gloomy and silent. His health gave way—symptoms of heart disease manifested themselves, to our great concern—and he "grew old," much faster than did his wife.

At their urgent desire, and in pity for their loneliness, I had taken up my residence with them permanently. They treated me in all respects as their child, and I, in turn, gave them the love and respect of a daughter—second, only, to what I felt for my own parents.

One evening, during a severe north-east storm—the kind which were the most dangerous upon the Jersey coast—we were sitting, gloomy and low-spirited, listening to the howling of the wind, the dashing of the rain, and the distant roaring of the surf, when there came a hesitating knock at the outer door. I hastened to open it, and encountered upon the threshhold, a stranger, a foot traveler apparently, for he carried a valise upon a stick over his shoulder, who asked, in low and deprecating tones, if we would kindly give him shelter for the night. Without hesitation—for the stranger and the needy, never turned in disappointment from that door—I bade him enter and welcome. I took him to the warm kitchen, gave him dry garments for which to exchange his dripping ones, and after pressing him to partake of food, which he declined, conducted him into the little sitting room, feeling glad, all the while, that something had transpired to break in upon our mournful thoughts, and hoping that he would find it in his heart to be talkative and entertaining, in return for my trouble. Even the merest gossip, I felt, would be an agreeable change from the gloomy taciturnity, which, in spite of us, had seemed likely to prevail throughout the evening.

I soon found, however, that we need expect nothing from our guest, in the way of entertainment. He took the chair, I had placed for him near the glowing gate, into the darkest corner of the room, muttering something about weak eyes, as he did so, seated himself, and shading his face with his hand, relapsed into silence. Mr. Yorke made one or two attempts to draw him into conversation, but without success. He replied in a constrained, hesitating manner, as though laboring under an impediment in his speech, and always in the fewest words possible. I had somehow got the impression that he was a young man, though of his face (all the lower part of which, was hidden by his heavy, dark beard,) I had, as yet, obtained but a partial view.

Mr. Yorke watched him furtively; and at last, after a silence of some ten minutes or more, during which time, the storm had seemed to rage with increased violence, he made another effort towards sociability.

"This is a fearful night for the coasters," said he, moving his chair a little, so as to sit facing his guest.

"Yes, truly it is," the stranger responded, evincing more interest than he had hitherto shown. "You and I, may well feel thankful that we are on solid land to-night."

"Have you ever followed the sea?" asked Mr. Yorke, looking keenly at him, and trying to obtain a better view of his face, which was still partially concealed by his hand.

"Yes, for several years," was the reply.

"A coaster, or did you trade to other countries?" queried Mr. Yorke.

"Both, though the latter mostly;" was the reply.

"You have undoubtedly seen some rough times," said Mr. Yorke. "Were you ever wrecked yourself, or did you ever meet with other vessels in that condition?" He was growing excited and nervous. Mrs. Yorke and I exchanged anxious and sorrowful glances. "Poor weak old man," I thought, "now he hopes to hear something of our lost one;" and, dreading the effect upon him of so exciting a subject, we both tried, repeatedly, to change it, but ineffectually; for, not only Mr. Yorke, but the stranger, persistently returned to it, and followed it up, after each interruption by us.

Finally, the stranger narrated in his slow, stammering, labored way, how he had once been shipwrecked; how his shipmates, one after another, had perished before his sight; how he had given up all hope of rescue, and was momentarily expecting to share the same fate, when a friendly sail hove in sight; and, lastly, how he was almost miraculously saved.

Mr. Yorke's nervous excitement increased alarmingly, during this recital, Mrs. Yorke and myself were scarcely less agitated; it brought so vividly to our minds, the sufferings of another and "a dearer one," to whom no friendly succor was vouchsafed.

"How long ago was this?" said Mr. Yorke, his voice tremulous with emotion, while it seemed as though he would pierce the stranger through and through, so searchingly did he study him from head to foot.

"Let's see," was the hesitating reply. "It was about the time—you remember, do you when the Eva Gore was lost?"

"Hold, sir!" shouted Mr. Yorke, rising to his feet, and supporting himself by the arms of his chair, while he bent towards our guest. "Hold, sir! You are feigning! You are disguising your speech! Let me see your face! Remove your hand, and look at me! Great God! it's him! It's my boy! I knew it!" and with a shuddering moan, he sunk back senseless in his chair.

In my concern for him, my terror for the consequences of this fearful excitement, in the feeble state of his health, I had failed to take in the full meaning of his agitated exclamations. And even now, I am unable to say, when the knowledge first forced itself upon my mind, that the man, who was bending so wildly, over the still form of my dear old friend, calling him "father," and uttering broken sentences—now of grief and pity for him, but more often, of blame for himself, that he had done this rash thing, all the while chafing the fast stiffening fingers, or otherwise assisting us in our endeavors to recall it to life and animation—that this was, really and in fact, Alden Yorke.

That the consciousness did come to me during that fearful time, I am certain; for I know we spoke to each other, —asking and replying to questions, and directing each other in our hurry and agitation; but I experienced neither surprise nor joy; grief and anxiety at the situation of my friend and second father, having, for the time, swallowed up all other emotions.

All our efforts, assisted by those of kind neighbors and our family physician, proved of no avail. The shock, to an already weakened frame, was too much. That one blissful moment of recognition was all that the mortal senses of the loving old man could bear.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

AFTER months of careful deliberation, United States Senator Hamlin, of Maine, has discovered that the newspaper-postage law which he smuggled through Congress, was a mere "inadvertence." It certainly took the honorable gentleman a long time to find this out. The unjust tax, and the man who was instrumental in having it imposed, has been held up in no favorable light for a long time past. It has been charged that the new postage on all newspapers was levied by the Senate in revenge for the unfavorable, though entirely just, strictures made by numerous journals on that august body—particularly in reference to individual jobbery and ultra-partisan legislation. This allegation was, it seems, based on foundations as impalpable as are the supports of a rainbow. For have we not Mr. Hamlin's Senatorial word for it that the petty and spiteful postal-law was the result of so innocent a thing as an "inadvertence?" An imposing word, and yet one that rolls trippingly from the tongue. And if the honorable gentleman from the Sunrise State can make it available in his case, one likely to become popular in all Congressional explanations. All lobbying schemes receiving the sanction of Senate and House succeed by "inadvertence," no doubt. Through "inadvertence," too, Representatives become mixed up with disinterested and patriotic credit mobiliers.

Through "inadvertence" Senators are frequently found engaged in doubtful electioneering projects, having for their aim their own succession to expiring terms. All that goes wrong in the national Capitol may be ascribed to "inadvertence;" and Mr. Hamlin deserves thanks for teaching the word to an ignorant nation.

PERSEVERANCE.—Did you ever know anybody stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years at most, who did not prosper? No one! no matter how bad it might be in the beginning—if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else; no matter how hard he may have found it sometimes to keep his head above water; still, if he persevered, he always came out right in the long run. A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than nothing. No man ever worked his voyage in a dead calm. The best wind for everything, in the long run, is a side wind. If it blows aft, how is he to get back?

THE BOY WRECKER;

OR,

THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Romance of Sea and Shore.

BY

Col. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Cuban Patriot," "The Masked Spy," "Tracked Through Life," "The Skeleton Corsair," "The Boy Pilot," "The Surf Angel," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE ON SHORE.

Walking gayly along the principal thoroughfare of the town, for the distance of several squares, Earl suddenly turned into a narrow street, and entered a small shop a few doors from the corner.

It was not a place of very inviting appearance, for it was piled with a confused mass of second-hand clothing, old furniture, and various other articles that had been purchased for a mere song, to sell again at a round figure, by the enterprising proprietor of the establishment, the Jew Isaacs, with whom all of Carl Vassar's secret transactions were made.

"Good day, senor; I am again in your harbor, you see," said Earl, as he entered, addressing a small, wiry-looking individual, with a shrewd face and keen, restless eye.

"Goot mor'n, mine yung frint, I ish glat to see you; vere ish your fader?" said the Jew, as if really pleased at the sight of the youth.

"He is at the island, senor. I am now captain of the craft, and have brought you a very rich cargo."

"Dat ish goot; vat have you got mit you?" and the Jew's eyes sparkled at the prospect of gain.

"I have various kinds of dry goods, never touched by sea water, laces, silks, and a variety of choice things."

"Dat ish petter ash goot, mine yung frint, for doss tings you have pefore ish not goot for much, and I lose monish py them."

"So you would say, senor, if I had given you the goods; but this is a rich cargo, and I have it all assorted, and desire a large sum for it."

"Monish ish very scarce."

"And so are fine goods. I want five thousand dollars, senor."

"Five tousandt tevels! Vat ish de matter on you, poy?"

"Nothing; the cargo is worth four times that sum, and I risk my life and yacht to get it here," boldly returned Earl.

"I risk very mooch——"

"Get out; you risk nothing, for if the officers searched your old ark they would only think there had been a large fire in the neighborhood, and everybody had moved their goods in here."

"You ish funny, poy."

"No, this shop is funny, for it looks to me as if another flood was expected, and old Abraham had ordered you to collect a piece of every article manufactured, as a model to make more by."

"Vell, I make monish."

"I know that, so ask you for five thousand dollars."

"I vill see, poy, I vill see; put te tings out mit te groat ven it ish dark, ant I vill pe at de pier."

"All right, senor; and have the money with you."

"It ish a pig sum, put I vill get it from mine fader-in-law," sadly replied Isaacs.

Leaving the shop, Earl continued on his way through the town until he came to a small plaza, where he seated himself to rest, and watch the sights.

Near him sat half a dozen young middies, belonging to an American man-of-war then in port.

Observing the stylish appearance of Earl, the young officers at once began to make remarks regarding him, and having imbibed generously of cooling drinks, they were not very particular in what they said.

"I say," called out one of the midshipmen, a burly youth of twenty, and apparently the bully of the party. "I say, young fellow, the admiral keeps you to carry his wife's band-box, I guess."

"Did you address me?" and Earl suddenly confronted the young midshipman, who insolently replied:

"My conversation is only addressed to gentlemen."

Hardly had the words left his lips when a violent blow from Earl sent him reeling backwards over the chairs and table. Instantly the young yachtsman was confronted by the whole party, and another of their number was seized in his powerful arms and hurled with severe force to the ground.

"I don't mind associating with *gentlemen* sometimes, so come on, comrades," cried Earl, cool, determined, and prepared for attack.

Taken by surprise by his prompt punishment of one of their number who had insulted him, and another who had attempted to strike him, the remaining midshipmen knew not what to do, while a spirit of fair play prevented their rushing on the brave youth in a mass.

"Ha! what means this broil?" suddenly cried a stern voice near at hand, and turning, Earl beheld an officer in the uniform of a captain, rapidly approaching.

He was a man of perhaps forty, with a darkly browned, handsome, but sad face, and an erect and elegant form.

His whole appearance was that of a gentleman and a seaman, and towards him Earl felt irresistibly charmed with a feeling of respect and admiration.

"It means I was insulted by yonder bully, and I punished him for the offence; the one with his nose bleeding, I knocked down because he attempted to strike me."

"You did right, my lad," said the officer gazing fixedly into the daring, handsome face of the youth, and then turning to the discomfitted party of middies, he continued, "You caught a tartar, young gentlemen, and it served you right. Return at once on board ship."

The midshipmen saluted with respect, and promptly obeyed, Earl standing by with a quiet smile upon his face.

"My lad, are you in service now?" asked the officer, as soon as the middies had departed.

"I sail my father's vessel, sir, and trade among the islands."

"Well, yonder lies my ship in the harbor, the American brig-of-war Fleet-

wing, and if you ever wish a berth in the service of the United States seek me out, for I will be cruising in these waters for some time."

"I thank you, sir," and raising his hat politely, Earl turned and walked away, the officer following him with his eyes, into which an increased look of sadness crept.

"I like that officer, and know he is a good fellow; it seems to me I have met him before; no, he must remind me of some picture I have seen in the books at the cabin. I wish I could serve under him, for I think I could work my way up to promotion, and this kind of life does not suit me, though it is jolly to be constantly in danger. Some day I may be caught, and hung, and——"

Earl St. Vale suddenly stopped his soliloquy, and stood as still and upright as a statue, gazing upon a man who was slowly riding along the street on horseback.

"Oh, *where* have I seen that cruel face before? Oh, where did I last meet *that man?*"

The horseman, a tall, striking man rode slowly by, his eyes looking straight ahead, and soon he was out of sight; but the youth stood in silent meditation, until he noticed he was an object of general gaze, when he colored up, and walked rapidly on, taking the street leading to the pier, off which his yacht was anchored. As he approached the spot where he had left his canoe, he descried the same horseman riding right by away from the shore, upon which stood Arab, who had evidently been conversing with him.

"Arab, who was that man?" Earl eagerly asked as he approached.

"Sh' chile, you wait 'til we git aboard de craft, den I tell you," cautiously replied the negro, and springing into the boat in which he had come ashore, Arab rowed back to the yacht, followed by Earl in his canoe, who was still lost in deep thought, and the endeavor to recall the face of the horseman to his memory.

CHAPTER IX.

A TIMELY WARNING.

"Now, Arab, I would know who that man is, because his face troubles me?" said Earl, as soon as the two were in the yacht's cabin.

"You nebber see him afore, honey; he am great man, and a bery debble if he git mad, kase I knows him, I does."

"Who is he, Arab?"

"I tole you; you hurn tell of Leon, de pirate—what do matter, chile?" suddenly cried Arab in alarm, as Earl sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing, his whole form trembling.

"Aye, I have heard of him; he is the same accursed hound of hell that captured the Sea Belle, and murdered her crew; the same devil incarnate who caused the death of my poor mother, and left me to die with her on a wrecked ship. Aye, I recall all now; all from that fatal sea chase by the pirate schooner. I have been asleep for more than seven years, calmly dreaming my life away, when that man walks the earth, and my mother lies in her grave unavenged. Arab, I am going on shore, and if I should not return—"

"You gist hold on, chile," cried the negro, who was frightened at the sudden wild outburst from his young master. "You gist hold on, and if you wish to git de ole debble in your hands, I tole you how, kase I don't lub de ole sarpint no more as what you does, but you see I is afeared of him."

"Arab, I intend to hunt down that man to death, and—"

"Didn't I tole you I knew how we could cotch him?"

"How, Arab?" eagerly asked the excited youth.

"You see, Leon catch sight of dis craft, and he got a good eye for nice vessels, and he ride down here, and pray de Lord, I was scared to deff, kase I use to sarve under him on his pirate craft—fore you was born, chile. Well, de ole debble 'cognize me at onst, and he says, says he: 'Gist you come ashore, old nigger,' and ob course I gist comed, kase he ain't de right feller to fool wid. Den he axes me 'bout de boat, what I was doin' for honest libbin, and says he hab his schooner sunk some weeks ago, by an American brig-o-war, and dat he and twenty of he men was ashore looking for anudder craft, and he like dis one. So I tell him you be back late to-night, and he gist come to see you, and he say he would be back at twelve o'clock, and den he ride away; dat is all."

"Arab, I intend to do the country a service, and at the same time avenge my own wrongs. To-night, early, the cargo of the yacht will be all removed, and then I wish you to wait on the pier for Leon the Pirate; get him to come on board with you, and send him down into the cabin to see me. I will be hidden on deck, and as soon as he enters the cabin, one the hatches and lock them; then we will up anchor and be for the island."

"What you gwine to do wid him, Marse Earl?"

"That I have not yet determined upon, Arab. First let us get him into our power, and then he may look out for squalls," and an evil light came into Earl's handsome, determined eyes.

"I help you all I can; it gettin' dark now, so we better begin to put de cargo ashore—my lordy, what a purty young gal!"

The last remark of the negro attracted Earl's attention shoreward, to where a young girl of fifteen was standing upon the pier, evidently endeavoring to attract the attention of those on the yacht.

Springing into his canoe, Earl quickly paddled ashore, and as he stepped upon the beach the vision of beauty he beheld almost struck him dumb with respectful admiration.

It was a maiden just budding forth into womanhood, and with a form of surpassing grace and symmetry, attired in a suit of pure white.

A sun hat shaded her face, but not sufficiently to hide the innocent beauty resting thereon, or the masses of golden curls that hung down to her waist.

Turning her lustrous eyes upon Earl, she asked, in the sweetest tones that the youth had ever listened to:

"Are you the one they call the Boy Wrecker?"

"I am called thus by men along the coast, miss," modestly returned Earl, who, in his many cruises with Carl Vassar, had won the name of Boy Wrecker from the fishermen and traders with whom his secret trading had brought him in contact.

"Then you are the one I seek, sir," replied the maiden, and she continued: "Senor Isaacs bade me tell you he desired to see you immediately upon a most important matter."

"I will go at once and would be happy to accompany you, miss," gallantly replied Earl.

"I am going directly there," archly replied the maiden.

After bidding Arab take no move regarding the cargo, until his return, Earl raised his hat politely, and walked off with the young girl, who was as much pleased with the appearance of the handsome youth as he was with her.

Arriving at the shop of the Jew, Isaacs was engaged with a customer, and made a sign to the maiden, which she seemed to understand, for she quickly said:

"Come with me, please."

Willingly Earl obeyed, and after ascending a flight of stairs at the other end of a long hallway, the maiden opened a door, and the youth was nearly dazzled, and perfectly bewildered by the scene that met his gaze.

He found himself in a large apartment, furnished in a degree of royal splendor, with thick velvet carpets, and a quantity of divans with satin coverings, while lace curtains shielded the windows, which opened out upon the harbor, from whence a cool breeze floated into the chamber.

At one of the windows was seated a lady, attired in a loose white silk wrapper, trimmed with blue ribbon of a delicate shade. In her hands she held an open book, which she laid aside as the youth and maiden entered.

That the lady was the mother of his fair guide, a glance told Earl, for she possessed the same surpassingly lovely face and form, only more matured and dignified.

"Mama, this is Senor Isaacs' young captain," said the maiden, as she ushered the youth into the room.

"I am glad you were able to find him, Pearl, for Senor Isaacs says it was most important to see him, or he should not have asked you to go for him. Be seated, senor, and await the coming of the Jew," and the lady gazed with undisguised admiration at the distinguished looking young visitor.

Earl bowed low, and was seated, though he felt somewhat ill at ease in the new position in which he found himself, and could not help staring alternately at the beautiful woman and her no less lovely daughter.

Observing his embarrassment, the lady was about to address him kindly, when a knock at the door ushered in old Isaacs, who simply said:

"Miss Pearl, I ish mooch oblige for your gootness, young laty. Mine young friend, blease coom mit me."

Earl arose, bowed his adieux to the mother and daughter, with a sigh at having to leave them, and followed the Jew into another room, furnished with every comfort, but not the same magnificence as the other apartment.

"Mine young frint, dere ish a vicked man who ish goin to take your boat from you, pecause he ish a sailor-mans, and vants you for himself. I ish know dis for truf, and I telle you, so dat I protect you, mine poy, for you ish a fine yoong mans, and I no wish to see you coom to some harm."

"When does he intend to make the attempt, senor?" coolly asked Earl.

"Mine Got! You don't scare mooch, dat ish so, ant ish von prave poy. Vell, he coomes mit his mens to-night, so you ish petter git out mit your poat, as soon ash you have put te cargoes mit te shore."

"Can I ask if this man is Leon, the Pirate?"

"Mine gootness, yoong fellow, don't you pe talk dat name so lout. Yes, he ish te man, ant you ish petter git out so quick as never vas."

"Senor Isaacs, it is very kind of you to warn me. Now I will go, and within two hours if you have your pack mules on the pier, the whole cargo shall be ready for them."

"Goot! I vill pe dere mit de mules. You ish von grant, nople poy!" and the Jew grasped Earl's hand as he arose and left the house.

Returning at once on board his yacht, Earl was greeted by Arab, who seemed in high spirits, as he said:

"I hab catch a bird, Massa Earl, since you done biu gone, and he in de cabin now."

"What! have you Leon the Pirate?" cried Earl, in a thrill of joy.

"Not adzactly de debble hisself, but one of his imps."

"Who do you mean, Arab?" asked the impatient youth.

"I will tole you all about it, chile, if you won't git so huffy wid dis nigger. You see, de ole pirate sent him leftenant down here to say he could not come afore two o'clock to see you 'bout buyin' de craft, and, you see, I knows de leftenant, kase I sail wid him when I was wid de chief, and I axes him aboard, and jist snatched him in de cabin, and dar he is."

"Arab, you have done well; now if we could only catch the chief I would be happy. But we must get to work now, and have this cargo out."

"All right, boss," replied the negro, and the two set to work and rapidly the valuable but light cargo of the yacht was brought up from the yacht's hold and taken on shore, where it was placed in an old shanty.

As the last boatload touched the pier, and Earl sprang ashore, he was suddenly confronted by a slight form, enveloped in a dark cloak.

At first he thought it the Jew, but the first sound of the voice undeceived him, and with delight he recognized his fair young guide of a few hours before, who cried earnestly:

"Senor Isaacs bade me give you this package of money, and say to you to fly at once from the harbor, for the guard-boats are warned of your being here, and are coming to seize you."

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT AND CHASE.

Before replying to Pearl, Earl St. Vale glanced calmly around him, across the restless waters, then at the skies, and at last down the harbor, where several flashing signal lights caught his eyes.

"You are again a kind messenger, miss, and I thank you, for it is good of you to come alone here to warn me of danger."

"Don't think of me, Senor Boy Wrecker, but of yourself; see, here comes a band of horsemen now," and the maiden trembled in affright.

"They are only men whom I expected, miss; see, they stop at the hut," and as Earl spoke, a score of men and pack-mules dashed rapidly up, halted at the shanty at the end of the old pier, and were quickly but silently engaged in transferring the cargo of the yacht to the backs of the patient animals.

"Now you will go, will you not? See, there are more signals down the harbor, and Pearl laid her hand upon the youth's arm.

"Yes, miss, I will go; but I hoped to capture a prize to-night; yet another time will do. Ha! they are spreading a chain of guard-boats, with lights in them, across the harbor."

"Then you are lost," cried Pearl, in alarm.

"Oh, no; the fight is not begun yet," and again glancing over the waters and at the skies, he continued. "The wind is freshening into a good blow, and the tide is rising rapidly. I think I can double on those fellows; but I must be off, so good-bye, Miss Pearl, remember me to your sweet mother, and tell old Isaacs to keep an eye on the yacht if he wants to see real fun," and Earl laughed a boyish, hearty laugh, as if he had no fear.

"I will tell him, but please go; good-bye, and I hope you will get away."

As Pearl spoke she grasped Earl's hand, and observing that the mule drivers had departed, turned and bounded away.

Instantly Earl was no longer the boy, but a man of nerve and daring determination, as he sprang into the boat which the negro held in readiness and rapidly flew towards the yacht.

"Arab, we have to run for it, so throw nets and all into the hold, lash the hatches, and get the yacht ready for desperate work."

"I guess 'tis despirit work, dem boats yonder is gwine to gib us trouble, honey."

"True for you, Arab; and see yonder."

The object that attracted the attention of the youth was the sudden blaze of a blue-light, which illumined up the lower harbor, showing a Spanish schooner, a coast cruiser, standing under full sail in the direction of the yacht, and nearer in shore was visible the graceful American brig also getting under weigh, as if also to join in the chase.

Taking the helm, and telling Arab to stand ready to obey the slightest order, Earl let the yacht fall off until she caught the wind fair and lay over to her work. Like a bird the gallant and swift craft glided through the waters, heading down the harbor, as if to attempt to run the gauntlet of the harbor fleet of guard-boats, the armed cutter, and the American brig; and old Isaacs, Pearl, and her mother, who were watching anxiously the flight of the yacht, felt that she could not escape.

"Mine Got in Himmel; he ish a prave poy, put he can't never escape, so help me gootness," cried the Jew with a deep regret.

"He seems to stand on with perfect confidence in his ability to elude them," replied the lady, watching every move of the yacht with deepest intent, for the continual burning of blue lights from the war vessels, made the scene as bright as day almost.

"I believe the Boy Wrecker will escape," firmly and confidently said Pearl; but as she spoke there was a flash, the deep roar of a heavy gun, and the cutter had opened fire upon the yacht.

"They are going to give a hail from brazen throats, Arab," calmly said Earl, as he held his craft close in the wind.

"Yas, chile; but dis nigger ain't pleased wid dat kind of talk, but what you gwine to do, honey?" anxiously continued the negro as the yacht drew nearer and nearer the cutter.

"Wait and see, and stand ready to obey my orders, lively Arab," sternly replied Earl, his whole manner having changed, as throwing aside his hat, he stood bareheaded and earnest at the helm.

Still on flew the swift yacht, drawing nearer and nearer what everyone who gazed on her thought was certain destruction, when loud and clear rang out Earl's voice in command:

"Stand ready! let fly the sheet rope! let fly the jib! belay!"

Putting his helm hard up with his order, the sharp bows of the Sea Belle swung off rapidly until they pointed directly for the mouth of the inlet, before spoken of, and with her huge main-sail swung out like a mighty wing, and the jib also catching the breeze, she sped directly towards the narrow cut through the sand, and which led into the open sea beyond.

A cheer from the shore, at this bold manœuvre, told Earl that the sympathy of the crowd was with him, and he bent more earnestly to his work, while a proud smile lighted up his face as he glanced astern towards the home of the Jew, where he felt that not only the avaricious eyes of Senor Isaacs were watching him, but also the bright orbs of the beautiful Pearl.

"Well, I declar, chile, you is gwine to run dat inlet," cried Arab in surprise at the sudden change of course.

"I am going to try, Arab, the wind is increasing, the tide is high, though it is falling, and if we do not strike we'll run the inlet like a race horse."

"And if we strike, we go to de debel sartin."

"Yes; but the inlet is our only chance, and if we pass through we will gain ten miles on the cutter and brig, for see, the American craft is starting out of the harbor to give chase. Ha! there comes a broadside! and another!"

As Earl spoke there came a terrific crash of artillery from the broadside of the Spanish cutter, followed immediately after by another from the American brig, who seemed as much in earnest to catch the yacht as was the Spaniard.

Rapidly the iron hail fell around the plucky vessel, dashing clouds of spray over her decks, cutting several holes in her sail, and in one instance splintering her bulwark.

Not a muscle quivered, however, in the hand that held the helm of the Sea Belle, and the next instant the yacht had entered the swiftly rushing waters of the inlet, and was heading towards the open sea, half a mile distant.

Fearing to follow the daring attempt of Earl to escape, the Spanish cutter stood off and on in the harbor, pouring a hot fire after the flying craft, while the line of guard boats hastily rowed to the sandy strip of land that protected the harbor, landed, and rushed across towards the outer mouth of the inlet, to endeavor to head her off, or shoot down, with their muskets, those on her deck.

The American brig, in the meantime, when she observed the bold move of the Sea Belle, instantly poured in her broadside, and seeing that it had been ineffective, put about and stood rapidly out of the harbor to give chase in the open waters, should the yacht safely run the gauntlet of the inlet, the fire of the cutter, and marksmanship of the crews of the guard boats, and thereby gain the advantage of the long start her youthful commander had intended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSICAL MECHANISM.

Pianos Which Grace the Palaces and Delight the Ears of Royalty.

And the "Steinway" Makes Music In More than 25,000 American Homes.

Orders from Asia and Australia, from India and the Isles of the Sea.

The Largest Piano Manufactory in America and Therefore in the World.

The Notable Steinway Hall and the Coming "First Appearance" of Titiens and Goddard.

Facts and Fancies for the Lovers of Music.

[*Special Correspondence Chicago Times.*]

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Why does not some didactic philosopher announce to the world the most useful thing of a material sort that it contains? Certainly the *savans*, ere he arrived at a conclusion, would have to weigh *pros* and cons whose number would rival that of the stars, and on the whole, we are inclined to believe that ere he had solved the problem he would find a coffin the "most useful thing." Perhaps it is enough for us to know that there are countless articles of use to man, while it certainly should be our pleasure, at times, to recount the particular merits belonging to one or another of them.

In a window facing one of the lower streets in this city stands, exposed to view, a

HUGE PAIR OF TUSKS,

which once graced the jaws and front of some huge elephant beside which even the far-famed Hannibal would seem of secondary size. Viewing these offensive and defensive teeth, we were led into some reflections upon the incalculable benefit which ivory had proven to mankind. From nether Ind and far Cathay to Santa Fe, the news that ivory had suddenly been eliminated from the world would cause profound regret and, in time, most woeful inconvenience. For ages upon ages it has served purposes of utility and adornment, and the demand is constantly increasing. To mention one tithe of the uses to which it is put would require columns, while duly to sing its praises one would need the gifts of a laureate. In no form is it so striking to the eye, however, as on the key-boards of a piano, that necessity—not of every *house* but of every *home*. With the lid closed, the pianoforte, to one who had never heard of its use, would seem like a

NEW SORT OF BEAUFET,

or an oddly-shaped and cumbrous table. Raise the lid, however, and the whole structure undergoes an instant and marvelous change. The glistening row of keys which someone has called "the white lips of song" enlivens the whole and gives it both grace and beauty. To the lover of music how many pleasant memories are stirred by the sight of the clear, pure row interspersed by the sharply contrasting ebon keys. The faces of many loved and somewhat-mired ones come before the mind's eye vividly. Delicious half-hours in the parlor when wife, sweetheart, or friend made the keys speak their beauteous language. Charming evenings in the concert hall when some favored pianist or pianiste taught the listeners the "beauties of harmony" which stand so near in importance to the "beauties of holiness," or hours which you may have

SWIFTLY WHILED AWAY

should you be one of the fortunate ones to whom the keys are never dumb.

From pianos and the pleasures they give, it is surely an easy transition to him who makes them, and we know that any facts connected with the manufacture of a first-class instrument cannot fail in being of interest to the readers of *The Times*.

Fronting on Fourth avenue, in this city, stands an imposing and handsome building of the modern Italian style. The entire space between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets (201 feet) is occupied as a frontage, while the wings of the building each extend along the last mentioned streets for a distance of 125 feet, each of the wings having a depth of 50 feet, as has the main structure, and all being five stories in height, exclusive of basement and cellars. Adjoining the Fifty-third street wing is another building with a frontage of 100 feet, and a height of four stories.

A FRONTAGE OF 425 FEET

is thus secured for this mammoth manufactory, which, we need scarcely say, is that of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, whose pianos have been the theme of unstinted praise from the lips of the most eminent living composers and performers as well as from thousands of cultivated homes where their sweet tones are heard.

Even the almost limitless space of *The Times* could it all be used, would be taxed to tell of this manufactory in explicit detail. Covering, as the floors do, nearly two hundred thousand square feet, it is no wonder that the mechanical equivalents of 900 workmen are needed in this busy hive of music makers. In the rear of the buildings and on the adjoining streets are seen on which are piled nearly four million square feet of lumber, seasoning, while in the steam compartments of the drying-rooms are found half a million feet more subjected to a uniform temperature of 130 degrees Fahrenheit. Underneath the court-yard are the engines of 280 horse-power, used in turning no less than 125 different machines for saving labor and expediting results, while to supply the

75 000 FEET OF STEAM PIPE

used in heating the drying-rooms and workshops, there are four boilers of the aggregate power of 540 horses.

We confess to an inability to describe all the 125 planing, mortising, turning, sawing, and other machines used in this place even had we space to do so. They must be seen at their wonderful work, and even then the mind fails to grapple fully with the design, scope, and execution of even the least intricate. Let it be carefully remembered by humanitarian readers that some of these very machines now perform the hard and wearing labor which formerly ruined the health and endangered the lives of hundreds of workmen.

The entire top floors of the front building and the wings on Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets are used as varnish-rooms, whence the cases, after passing through the glueing and shaping, the fitting and veneering, are sent to receive the finishing touches, exclusive of the

FINAL BRILLIANT POLISH

which is given in the saleerooms prior to the sending of the instrument to its purchaser. We have not yet spoken of the *action*-room, located in the building referred to as adjoining the Fifty-third street wing. In these rooms none but the most elaborate and excellent machinery is used, since their functions are of the most important nature. A perfect and unchanging *action* is the grand desideratum in the manufacture of pianos, and such the Steinways have secured. They have done so, however, only by the most constant care, the employment of the costliest mechanism and material, and the most careful and skillful workmen. It must do its work unerringly through a long series of years, and must

NOT BE OPEN TO CRITICISM

in any way. No wonder, then, that the Steinways insist that the materials must be faultless and the use made of them as admirable as possible.

In a store-room provided for the purpose is kept a stock of all the articles used in the construction of the inner portion of the instrument, such as leather, felt, ivory, strings, etc. The value of this stock is never less than $40,000 or $50,000, while it is frequently more than that. It would never do to allow the manufactory to be hampered in the least through lack of material.

THE SAW MILL AND FOUNDRIES

At Astoria, Long Island, distant between four and five miles from the New York manufactory, the Steinways, a few years since, purchased 400 acres of ground, with a water frontage on East river of more than half a mile. Here they proceeded to erect, of brick and stone, saw mills, iron and brass foundries, and hardware works, to serve as adjuncts to the manufactory in the city. From these establishments are obtained all the lumber, of whatever description, used in the manufacture of a piano, together with all the brass and iron work. All defective lumber is cast aside peremptorily as unfit for use, while in the castings, none but picked raw iron and the finest quality of coal is permitted to be used. No other manufacturers have foundries of their own from which the large iron frames can be procured. As this frame, in the Steinway piano, must withstand the

ENORMOUS STRAIN OF 60,000 POUNDS,

and that, too, most constantly and under varying conditions of climate and temperature, it can be imagined that this frame must be as nearly perfect as human skill can make it.

All the various departments of the manufactory are, of course, under the supervision of skilled foremen, themselves in turn supervised by a chief. But over all and in constant watchfulness are the Steinways themselves. Most emphatically do they obey the precept, "Mind your own business." Each member of the firm has his more especial departments and duties, yet all work in the greatest harmony, each seeking the good of the whole. As a result, jars and unpleasant discords are as impossible in the manufactory or the office as they would be in one of the

SUPERB UPRIGHT PIANOS

which we must not neglect to mention as a specialty of this firm. The Uprights, from their compactness and comparatively small size, have become the greatest favorites for boudoirs, reception-rooms, and parlors where a Square or Grand would be in the way. After many years of patient study, the firm succeeded in producing Uprights which in pureness and volume of tone as well as in durability are unexcelled even by the famous Steinway Grand. Let us add that the "Uprights" have found especial favor in the eyes of competent judges in your city.

We have spoken but little of the comparative excellence of the Steinway pianos. It is certainly not extravagant praise to say that their fame is world-wide, since pianists and pianistes (notably Rubinstein from Paris and Mlle. Essipoff from St. Petersburg) send to the home office for instruments for their own especial use on the occasion of great concerts.

THE EARS OF ROYALTY

itself find sweetest pleasure in listening to the harmony brought by deft fingers from the strings of a Steinway Grand. The haughty czarina of all the Russias has two in her palatial home, while Grand Duke Constantine is the proud possessor of as many more. Victoria Regina is soothed by the sweet notes as they issue from another, and her royal brother of Sweden finds one indispensable to his enjoyment. Isabella, ex-queen of Spain, is supposed to be more enamored of the delights of the cuisine than of the key-board, yet she has her Steinway, while, strangest of all, the phlegmatic sultan of Turkey was recently a purchaser at the hands of this great house. Rothschild has three or four, and in very truth, in but few years, no great palace of the continent will be complete unless in some favored niche there stands an instrument with the names "Steinway & Sons" imprinted thereon. When such authorities in the musical world as Liszt, Rubinstein, Helmholtz, Abt, and numerous others we could name, have praised these instruments in such unstinted measure, we may rest assured that the praise that comes from

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND AMERICAN HOMES

is well bestowed. Here is the grand triumph of the Steinways. Of the 33,000 of their pianos now in use, more than three-fourths make sweet harmony in happy home circles in our own country. We are glad to know that the homes in other lands will soon be, to a great extent, similarly blessed, since depots for the sale of these pianos are now established in London, England; St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, Russia; Vienna and Prague, Austria; Hamburg, Hanover, Mannheim, and Leipsic, Germany; and Madrid, Spain. Already the exports from the house in this city make a large item in the yearly sales.

While on this subject we cannot refrain from giving our readers a few figures, promising that they shall not be too greatly extended. From the published record of the last year during which the manufacturers' internal revenue tax was levied, we learn that during that year Steinway & Sons' sales amounted to $1,205,483. Next came Chickering & Sons with $622,402; next William Knabe & Co. with $283,511; then Haines Brothers, showing $237,051, and following came William B. Emerson with $232,779. Next after Emerson came Albert Weber with sales of $221,444.

PROOFS POSITIVE.

These figures are proofs as strong as holy writ of the estimation in which the Steinways instruments are held, and Americans should be proud of the skill which has rendered the product of one of her manufactories cosmopolitan and triumphant.

Another monument to the energy, public spirit, and success of the Steinways is the famous Steinway Hall, on East Fourteenth street, near Union Square. It is a beautiful building, with a frontage of white marble, four stories in height, and 50 feet wide in the front portion, which is used more especially for offices and salesrooms. The hall proper is 100 feet in width, by 128 in depth, and is admirable in all its fittings. It has a seating capacity of more than 2,000, is heated by steam, and perfectly ventilated. The frescoing and general decorations are beautiful without being so elaborate as to deprive the place of its charm as a concert hall. Its acoustic properties have long been the theme of praise from artists whose names are famous both here and abroad, and the mammoth organ of forty-two registers, which occupies an appropriate place, has the full benefit of all its power and sweetness.

Steinway Hall has in its day witnessed the introduction of many favorite musicians to new world audiences, but never have the musical circles in this country been more deeply stirred than they now are, over the first appearance in America of

MLLE. THERESA TITIENS,

which takes place on Monday evening next. Readers of *The Times* are long ere this aware of the greatness of the reputation of this songstress, who has stirred the indifferent Anglo-Saxons of the British Isles into a perfect furore of delight by her magic witchery and almost unrivaled sweetness of voice and manner. Another attraction of the concert in question will be the first appearance in New York of England's famous pianiste, Mme. Arabella Goddard, who has won the heartiest admiration from the severest critics of the most cultured transatlantic circles. Let us hope that ere these distinguished ladies leave our land, Chicagoans will have an opportunity to judge of the beauty of voice of the one and of the excellence of the execution of the other.

We cannot close without the expression of the wish that some at least of the readers of *The Times* might have the pleasure of meeting the unassuming gentlemen to whom the credit of both the manufactory and the hall, spoken of above, are due.

DON.

SPATTER-WORK PICTURES.

Spatter-work pictures, usually delicate designs in white appearing upon a softly shaded-ground, are now very popular, and are, with a little practice, easily produced. Procure a sheet of fine uncalendared drawing paper, arrange thereon a bouquet of fresh leaves, trailing vines, letters, or any design which it is desired to have appear in white. Fasten the articles by pins stuck into the smooth surface, which should be underneath the paper. Then slightly wet the bristles of a tooth or other brush in rubber, India ink, or in common black writing ink, and draw them across a stick in such a manner that the bristles will be bent and then quickly released. This will cause a fine spatter of ink upon the paper. Continue the spattering over all the leaves, pins and papers, allowing the centre of the pattern to receive the most ink, the edgings shading off. When done, remove the design, and the forms will be found reproduced with accuracy on the tinted ground. With a rustic wooden frame this forms a very cheap and pretty ornament.

THOROUGH WORKMEN.—Rarely does a thorough workman seek employment. Especially if his habits and temper be commendable, the chances are that the work will seek the man, not the man the work. There are too many second-rate men in all vocations. Resolve to be a good workman. Once the reputation is acquired, it is so much capital. There is no more fatal error than the habit of slighting work. Whatever your hand finds to do, give it your attention. Slovenly workmen are soonest discharged when the press of business is over. The thorough workman is indispensable. When promotions are made, the thorough workman steps into the foreman's, manager's, or superintendent's shoes. It is so the world over. The rule obtains in all professions—in law, physic and theology; in educational institutions; in agriculture; in the army and navy. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the theory and practice of your business, its principles and applications, so that not a single move shall be made in ignorance.

WITHOUT decision of character, no man or woman is ever worth a button, or ever can be. Without it, a man becomes at once a good-natured nobody, the poverty-stricken possessor of but one solitary principle—that of obliging everybody under the sun, merely for the asking.

HAMLET.

AN ACTING CHARADE.

IN THREE SCENES. FOR TWO MALES AND TWO FEMALES.

By FRANK H. FINN.

CHARACTERS.

Deacon Sprouts.
Bobby Roberts, a fat boy.
Mrs. Roberts.
Mrs. Killtime.

Scene 1.

[*The kitchen of a farmhouse. Mrs. Roberts discovered washing dishes.*]

Mrs. R. Well, well. I've thought and I've thought, and then again I've pondered, further on I've conjectured, and then once more I've wondered. That makes a sort of a rhyme, but I haint time to go back and correct it, though folks did go so far as to say, once, that I'd be a poick if I only was to try hard enough; but then father'd never hear to sich a thing, 'cause he was a church member awful pious. I think, mebbe, I take after him: though how I'm going to take after him when he didn't leave nothing to take I can't imaginate. But what's become of the ham I don't know.

[*Enter Robby.*]

B. Say, marm, what's the matter with you? You look as sour and melancholy as though you'd swallowed a hogshead of vinegar.

Mrs. R. Spirits is what's the matter.

B. You don't never mean for to go to say you've been drinking?

Mrs. R. Robert, you have knowd your mother ever since you was born, and did you ever know her to touch a drop of liquor?

B. Hope to be batted over the head if I did. Didn't know but you might have taken a wee drop on the sly, when I wasn't looking.

Mrs. R. It's not ardent spirits what's a worriting me. It's ghostly spirits.

B. You ain't going to turn mejum and talk with dead fellers, be ye?

Mrs. R. There's a mystery into this house that can't be accounted for.

B. What in thunder is a mystery?

Mrs. R. Don't sweat, Robert. A mystery is a mystery, and nothing more. Where in time is the Ham?

B. Oh, give us a harder conundrum than that, that's too easy. Why, in the Bible, of course.

Mrs. R. And how came it there, I'd like to know?

B. 'Cause it belongs there. You know Ham was a son of Noah, or Shem.

Mrs. R. I don't mean that kind of a Ham. It's a pork ham I mean. It was on the kitchen table this blessed morning, and now where is it? I've a mind to send for Deacon Sprouts to come over.

B. You don't think he took it, do you?

Mrs. R. I don't suspicionize him or any one else, but he can talk Latin like a book, and folks do say that he can tell who a thief is by looking him in the eye. And there he is coming down the road.

B. I guess I'll go. I don't feel as if I was good enough to be in a deacon's company. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. R. What a powerful hurry he was in, to be sure. Allus thought him and the deacon was good friends.

[*Enter Deacon Sprouts.*]

D. S. I wish you good morning, Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. R. Thank you, deacon; you came in just in the nick of time, as the poick Tennyson says. I've lost a ham, and where it's gone to I don't know. You know so much, perhaps you can tell. Can't you get off a little Latin, and mebbe the ham will come back or the thief be catched.

D. S. I'll do my best. You must keep very still or the charm won't work. Higgle haggle summery bother boo, I know you, thief, who stole the ham, and if you don't return it I shall be after you with a big stick. Winki, pinki, butter biggles, I command you by the power of the grand Pogglewoggle to return that ham.

Mrs. R. See what it was to have an eddication.

[*A ham is thrown on the stage and it knocks the deacon down. He tries to pick the ham up, but, just as he is about to put his hand on it, it is pulled away by a string.*]

Mrs. R. Marciful Salavatus! the thing is bewitched!

[*Deacon tries again, but the ham slips from him and he falls flat on the stage. He rises and rubs his nose. Bobby comes on at the back of stage and pulls the ham to him by the string he holds, laughing all the while.*]

[*Scene closes.*]

Scene 2.

[*A plain apartment. Enter Mrs. Killtime.*]

Mrs. K. And I do hope I shall be lucky enough to let my house to a good tenant. I've told Bobby Roberts to do the chores about the house, and let him and his companions have the use of the cellar for their private theatricals. I don't fancy his mother much, for I think she's trying to catch Deacon Sprouts, and I do detest to see any woman who is trying to catch a man, and, besides, I wanted him myself.

[*Knock at door heard, enter Deacon Sprouts.*]

D. S. My good madam, I am a man of few words, and to come to the point at once, I am feeling lonely in my widower-hood, and want some pious soul to pour consolation in my cup.

[*Enter Bobby.*]

B. I see the barkeeper down to the store pouring something into your cup, and it wasn't consolation either. It looked and smelled like whisky.

Mrs. K. Robert, take the deacon's hat and leave the room. [*Exit Bobby with the deacon's hat.*] You were saying, deacon, that you was contemplating a marrying again, and of taking a pardner and putting her into the place of the late Mrs. Sprouts.

D. S. I didn't exactly say that, but words to that effect. I sigh for a congenial spirit. You want to let your house. Why should I not hire it? You could be Mrs. Sprouts, and that would save you the trouble and expense of moving. I am a man of few words, still from the depth of my pocketbook, no, I mean from the depth of my heart, I would say——

[*Enter Bobby.*]

B. What's de price of beans, Jake?

D. S. Nothing of the sort. I would say——

B. Kaiser, do you want to buy a dog?

D. S. That boy'll be the death of me yet.

Mrs. K. He takes after his ma.

B. I seed you two through the crack of the door, and if you want to court the

widder why don't you do it in good style? Flop down on your marrow-bones and call her the guardian of your life, and say the truth, as you do in meetin', that you're a poor dying worm and not fit to have the notice of any respectable person?

D. S. I'll come again for my answer, my good madam.

Mrs. K. I can let you have it now just as well. The answer is "yes."

D. S. Thanks, my dear madam. I will now bid you good day. You have made me the happiest of men. Robert, get my hat.

[*Bobby gets the deacon's hat. As the deacon puts it on a lot of flour covers his hair. Bobby has put the flour in the deacon's hat. Deacon stamps his foot and exits in a rage.*]

Mrs. K. Why, Bobby, how could you do such a thing?

B. I don't think it's anything great to put flour in a hat. Anybody could do that.

[*Enter Mrs. Roberts.*]

Mrs. R. My dear Mrs. Killtime, I expect I shall have to move, and seeing as how you want to let your place I came to inquire your terms.

Mrs. K. Since I advertised ——

Mrs. R. I do verily believe my house is haunted by an evil spirit.

Mrs. K. (*aside.*) By yourself or your young hopeful, most likely. (*Aloud.*) I don't know now as I shall——

Mrs. R. Perhaps we can swap even. My house contains a good many conveniences, and I guess you would like the place.

Mrs. K. But, Mrs. Roberts, I do not wish to——

Mrs. R. Ah, well, I hope you won't see the awful sights and hear the fearful sounds in my house. Spirits seem to have come back from their graves and made hame fly around promiscuous.

Mrs. K. If you will but let me get in a word edgeways I will tell you that my house is let?

Mrs. R. And to whom, may I ask?

Mrs. K. To Deacon Sprouts.

Mrs. R. I might have knowd it. I told him, only t'other day, how anxious I was to hire this house, and I verily believe he is coming to ask me to take the place of his lost Hepzibah.

Mrs. K. You, indeed! Why, he has just proposed for my hand and heart, and I have accepted him.

Mrs. R. Is that so?

B. Yes; and the deacon said that I should be the death of him, and the widder said I took after you.

Mrs. R. You said that, you spiteful thing! I'd be ashamed, thinking of the male sect.

Mrs. K. Well, ma'am, if you come to that, I'm no better than you be.

B. Let us have peace!

Mrs. R. I'll never darken your doors again.

Mrs. K. Hope I'll never set eyes on you again.

[*Mrs. R. is about to leave, but is presented as Bobby has pinned the backs of their dresses together.*]

B. How hard it is to part.

[*Curtain falls.*]

Scene 2.

[*Same as the first. Bobby enters.*]

B. The "Roaring Elephants" are almost all ready to give their first exhibition, and they've selected me, on account of my graceful figure, to personate Hamlet. And I can do it. Let me see how much I know of it. "A rat! dead for a dew cat (ducat)."

[*Enter Mrs. Roberts.*]

Mrs. R. A rat! I don't see any. Maybe it was one of those pestiferous critters that ran away with the ham.

B. "My father's spirit in arms. All is not well."

Mrs. R. Is he talking in his sleep, or has he become a demoniac? Maybe he's a mojum, and his father's a talking to him like the ventriloquz fellers do through their stummicks.

B. "'Tis not alone, my inky cloak, good mother."

Mrs. R. If he's been and gone and spilled the ink over his best jacket I'll never forgive him, if he is his own father's son

B. "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

Mrs. R. He's complainin' agin his fatness. Nobody ought to complain at the decrees of Providence. It's awful.

B. "Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king or marry his grandmother."

Mrs. R. Are you crazy or have you lost your senses? Who's been killing a king?

B. "A king of threads and patchwork."

Mrs. R. I've a good mind to run for the doctor. The child has got lunacy on the mind, or he's had a sudden rush of brains to his heels.

B. I'm practising Hamlet.

Mrs. R. You ought to let the ham alone.

B. It's a play we are going to have, and the boys have selected me to be the melancholy *dane.*

Mrs. R. 'Twould be better for you to be sawing some wood.

B. "I know a hawk from a handsaw."

Mrs. R. Shaw! who wouldn't? Don't you see you are wearing me away to a shadder by your conduct. I begin to look——

B. "Very like a whale."

Mrs. R. And you act like a goose.

B. "To be or not to be, that is the question."

Mrs. R. Two B's in what? Why don't you look in the spelling-book?

B. I say, ma, make believe this poker was a sword, and that you were Mr. Laertes and I ran you through the body with it.

Mrs. R. The idea of my lending myself to any snob tomfoolery, I, a member of a sewing circle and with a pious father.

B. If you don't, I'll go and have the mumps, and the measles, and I'll die, and you won't have any Bobby, so saw!

Mrs. R. If you do go for to die, I'll never cook you another flapjack so long as I live.

B. Can't help that. Look out. I'm coming! Aim! Present! Fire!

[*Bobby chases his mother around the room with the poker, but finally stumbles and falls into a pail of water. He kicks and vainly endeavors to free himself. Mrs. R. sinks into a chair exhausted, and the curtain falls.*]

GUILT, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghost of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

FACETIÆ.

A NEW ballad is entitled, "Tell Me Mary How to Woo Thee." And if Mary is a sensible girl, she will tell him not to come oftener than three nights in a week, and not to stay later than one o'clock in the morning. This going seven nights a week, and sitting up till three o'clock in the morning, ruins the health and augments the old man's coal bill.

SAID a lady to a gentleman who had been too curt to please her:

"Do you know what kind of a puzzle you represent?"

"A diamond, perhaps," he answered, looking at the large one in his shirt.

"No," she replied, "a cross-stick suits you much better."

WHAT HE WANTED.—The other evening a traveler endeavored to walk into the Washington Hotel, temporarily closed for repairs, but was unable to effect an entrance.

"That house is closed, mister," said a pedestrian, as he passed along.

The traveler banged away on the door, and the pedestrian called out:

"You, there—that house is closed!"

The traveler twisted away at the knob, and once more the pedestrian called:

"I say, that house is closed!"

"Don't you suppose I know it, you durned fool!" roared the traveler; "what I am trying to do is to open it!"

A CLOSE CALL.—A Detroit boy surprised his father the other day by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy looked at the old man over, and after a long pause, asked:

"Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

"WHAT keeps Mr. N—— from kirk, James?" said a worthy minister. "I hope it's not Methodism."

"No," responded the verger; "it'sasomething worse than Methodism."

"What then! is it Univanism?"

"Worse, your reverence, worse."

"Surely, James, it is not Deism?"

"Much worse, an' it please your reverence, than even that."

"Good heavens!" said the astounded pastor, "can it be Atheism which deprives us of the best churchwarden that ever shook a box?"

"Truly," responded pious James. "'tis a much more serious matter. It is rheumatism."

A GRANDCHILD of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"Bertie says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, grandpapa?"

"Don't ask me the question: you must find it out yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."

She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and, after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study.

"I've found it! The moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were!"

TOO SMART.—"Well, my son, you have got into grammar, have you?" said a proud sire to his thickest chip the other night. "Let me hear you compare some adjectives."

Chip—"All right. Little, less, least; big, bigger, best; mow, more, most——"

Proud sire—"Hold on, sir; that's not right; you——"

Chip—"Toe, tore, toast; snow, snore, snort; go, gore, gous; row, roar, rout."

Proud sire—"Stop, I say; those adj——"

Chip—"Drink, drank, drunk; chink, chank, chunk; wink, wank, wunk; think, thank, thunk——"

Proud sire—"You infernal little fool! What in the thunder——"

Chip—"Good, better, best; wood, wetter, west; bad, wusser; wust; bile, biler, bust; sew, sewer, soup; pew, pewer, pup—o-u-o-h! oh, gominently, dad! Oh-o-o!"

The outraged parent had broken into the recitation with a boot-jack.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A lawyer once had an important case, and the decision depended on the way in which the jury would regard the testimony of one lady. He lost the case because the fair witness swore positively to an occurrence which she witnessed at the distance of a few rods, although there were several persons who stood much nearer than she that saw nothing whatever of it. The lawyer looked rather "blue" when the jury brought in their verdict, but revenged himself by rising and telling the court a story of a lady he once knew who was very near-sighted, but always declared her eyesight to be excellent. Accordingly, one day a neighbor stuck a darning needle in the side of the barn, and placing her on the opposite side of the road, asked her if she could see it. "Oh, yes, replied the old lady, "I can see the needle easy enough, but where's the barn?"

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM.—A Western paper tells the following: A man went into Slight's confectionery store a few days ago in an excited manner, and rushing up to the proprietor, said:

"Do you make wedding cakes?"

"Yes, sir," said Slight.

"Well," said the other, "I'm goin' ter git married ter-day, an' I want a cake. I'm no slouch, an' I'm goin' to do things right up to the handle. I don't intend to git married but once, and yew bet I'll make things bowl."

Slight smiled blandly, and commenced lifting out ten and twenty dollar wedding cakes, gorgeous in beautiful frosting and artificial flowers. Among the rest was a small, plain cake.

"How much is that?" asked the excited purchaser.

"Four bits," said Slight.

"That's the one for me; here's your money, old pard; wrap her up. There's nothin' small about me; I wouldn't care if it was six bits."

SAMANTHY'S ELOPEMENT.—"Yes," said the old lady, as she wiped her eyes and proceeded to tell the sympathizing neighbor about the elopement of her daughter; "yes, Mrs. Blobbs, you may well say it ar' a dreadful stroke. I ain't had such another shock sence that last spell o' rheumatiz. To think that a darter of mine would do such a disgraceful thing after all the care an' affection me an' her father have ravished on her from her infancy up. I couldn't bear up under the affliction nohow, but for the consolation of religion. Religion is powerful enervating in such trials as these."

"Did you not suspicion that they were contemplating such a move?" asked the neighbor.

"No, we never suspicioned nary contemplation. After I'd runned the conceited upstart off the premises with the mop, I didn't think no' have the insurance to speak to Samanthy agin. An' she seemed to appear so contented that I never suspected her of having any underhanded contentions. But all the time—so I've heerd sence—they used to meet clandestinely, when I thought Samanthy was at meeting, an' decoot their plans to run off an' elope. Well, Samanthy has made her bed, an' she'll have to lay on it. I wash my hands of the ongrateful girl from this time forthwith."

"Did you make any effort to intercept them?"

"No; you see we didn't know it, or else we would a intercepted 'em within an inch o' their lives."

"I mean did you try to have them stopped when you found they were gone?"

"Yes, indeed. Father telescoped to five or six towns, an' give their prescription—cost him lots of money, too; but he said he would not mind spendin' the price of a cow to git Samanthy back. But we never heerd nothin' from them, an' I told her father to let them alone an' they'd come home after awhile with five or six children behind 'em. But I tell you, Mrs. Blobbs, they shan't set a foot in this house except over the dead body of my defunct corpse. You just remember that."

A Well-Merited Success.

As contrasted with fortunate charlatanism, well merited success is less frequent than it ought to be. Puffery, blatant assertion and coined recommendations, too often, for instance, give an ephemeral popularity to medicinal compounds intrinsically worthless at the expense of really deserving remedies, and to the grievous detriment of the sick. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a tonic alterative which has achieved one of the best merited and most signal successes of the nineteenth century, has never relied upon such methods of manufacturing a reputation, nor has the competition of counterfeit tonics ever affected its reputation in the slightest degree. That it is the best remedy for malaria, and the surest safeguard against it, that it eradicates dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, disorders of the kidneys and bladder, and the various causes which produce weakness are implicit and well founded beliefs with the great body of the American people.

THE SPECTRE MINER.

The following are authentic particular of Spectre Miner which has been making a sensation in Guerneville, California. The scene of the appearance was at the Crowns mine, on Austin Creek, about three miles from Guerneville. Thmen who work in the mine had just gone to bed, when there was a noise at the door, then some ghostly music. The next heard in the shaft the sound of sharpening tools, the noise of the bellow briskly working to pump air in the shaft and the sharp clicking of the pully on the whim used for raising and lowering the buckets in the shaft. The noise was kept up as if there was a whole fort of ghosts, busily employed from tenat night until three o'clock in the moing. The mouth of the shaft could be seen from the cabin; but though the hole was distinct, no forms were seen to move about the shaft. The work was kept up for three nights in succession; the there was an interval of comparative quiet for three weeks. A day or two ago, Abe Steratt was at work alone in the shaft; the other men were above ground. Steratt was preparing to put in a shot when he heard a noise close to him. He looked up and there stood a man clad as a miner beside him, in a space which an instant before had been vacant. Steratt asked: "What do you want?" No reply. He punched at the figre with a drill; it went through the air semblance of humanity. Terror struck, Steratt exclaimed: "If you are going to work here I want to get out." He whistled to his companions above to come down, and then said: "Or if you want me to work here you must get out." Whereupon the figure seemed to vanish upward from sight and has not since been seen. Noises as above described have been heard, but the Spectre Miner has not again appeared.

A SOUVENIR OF ANDERSEN.

As soon as the mourners and friends had left the church where Andersen lies buied, numbers of poor people rushed in to gather the flowers and leaves which had fallen from the coffin, in memory of the dear old man. Perhaps the most touching incident of this never-to-be-forgoten day was that of a poor woman, who, simply dressed in a peasant's garb, timidly advanced toward the altar, and, after eagerly, but in vain, searching all round for a flower or fallen twig, murmured sadly, half aloud, half to herself, "So late—they're all gone," as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Do you want a flower, my good mother?" asked a bystander, moved to pity at the woman's evident distress.

"Ah, yes, good sir. My boy at home will break his heart if I don't take him just a leaf. You see, sir, that departed angel often came to see him when he was ill, two winters ago, and told him a story, and the doctors say those beautiful stories saved his life; and he's my only one, sir, and he just worshipped dear Andersen, and he does miss him so terribly, and cries so now the old gentleman is dead, that I promised to bring him a flower, as I heard his coffin was to have some on it. He is lame, and can't come himself."

"Take this one. I picked it up from the spot as it fell."

"Ah, you are good, dear sir."

And the woman tenderly kissed the little sprig as, reverently and gratefully laying it in her bosom, she turned away.

EXPLANATIONS of all the slops—podal and swell—their nature, uses, compass and combinations, are given in Clarke's Improved School for the Parlor Organ, by Hugh A. Clarke, and are found in no other instructor. The work is superior. Price, $3.50. Lee & Walker, Phila.

THE world often for us takes hue and aspect from the predominant state of our spirit; it seems summerly or wintedy, dark or bright, according to the change of our inward times and season. We breathe upon it the summer power or winter power that makes it seem as we are.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE WITH DR. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES, has led me to commend them to a great many people, who, after a trial of them, have confirmed my own judgment as to their merits. My wife is now using the Expectorant for a severe attack of Bronchitis, supervening on a Heavy Cold, and the good results are marked, and all we could ask for.—*Charles Walters, Sandhurst, Victoria.*

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Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEARS SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

The Human Hair.—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

E. F. Kunkel's celebrated Bitter Wine of Iron will effectually cure liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, chronic or nervous debility, chronic diarrhœa, disease of the kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach or intestines, such as constipation, flatulence, inward piles, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sore eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, head, chest, limbs, etc., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil and great depression of spirits. Price $1 per bottle. Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist palm off some other preparation of iron he may say is as good, but ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. Take no other. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is not sold in bulk—only in $1 bottles. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 720 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

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IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of ulcerations to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—Blind or bleeding—meet prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this distressing and dangerous condition.

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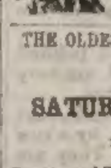

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THE BOUDOIR.

The keen, mild and cold, clear blue sky of November, has brought out the heavier wraps and fur-bordered garments, and have compelled our fickle Dame Fashion to decide the question which she had been coquetting with, namely, what shall be the most popular and stylish fur this season?

Seal skin has had such unlimited sway among those who were able to purchase it, that it was rumored it would again take the supremacy. We have reason to question that now, for among the new boas and muffs there is quite a preference shown for furs with long hairs, with here and there an occasional rough one. Silver fox is *the style*, if one can afford such a luxury; but, alas! very few can pay from twenty-five to thirty dollars a yard for narrow bands of it for trimming even. There is a very clever imitation, however, so excellent as almost to deceive the initiated.

A very pretty fashion in furs, is to have boa and muff made of the material of the suit, or of heavy black silk, and trimmed with a fur border. This has the advantage of giving variety, since at a comparatively small cost one could have several setts made.

In handsome suits there is nothing to compare to the rich black brocades, which our leading merchants and dress artists are bringing out. We saw a very stylish suit made of this new material. The underskirt was long, and amply trained, and had a kilt pleat flounce at the bottom; every third plait of which was of velvet—above this was placed a shirring of velvet. The overskirt, which was a deep, square apron, had bias folds of velvet, trimmed at the bottom with very deep silk fringe. This fringe had so deep and elaborate a heading as to to resemble passamenterie. A velvet sash, also fringed, filled in the back breadth, which was but slightly draped. A sleeveless cuirass of the brocade, with sleeves of velvet, and a Byron collar of the latter, completed this distingue costume.

We saw another suit of silk and Knickerbocker goods, which was made in this manner: The underskirt of blue plum faille, trimmed with two flounces simply gathered on. The overskirt of palest fawn colored Knickerbocker, the raised tufts being white. It was what is termed a sash overskirt, and is made in this manner: A wide square length of the goods is placed across the front breadth, which latter only extends to about twelve inches below the waist. This scarf of cloth is drawn plainly back and fastened under the drapery of the sash back. Its leading peculiarity consists in the trimming, which is put on at the top instead of at the bottom.

In the model which we saw, there were two bias folds of silk, of the same color as the underskirt; place the first one two inches below the top of the scarf-front, the second one two inches below the top one. Each band was edged with heavy silk fringe. At the right side, and directly across these bands was placed the new style of pocket, very deep, and formed of four large plaits, all laid in the same direction, that is, towards the middle of the front of the skirt. The pocket was made of the Knickerbocker goods, and had a deep pleating of silk at the bottom, fully seven inches in depth. Two bows of silk or ribbon, one placed at the top, the other heading the pleating of silk, gave a finish to the pocket. The back of the overskirt consisting of a succession of alternate loops of Knickerbocker material and silk. The basque was a plain cuirass, with deep Byron collar of silk, and very deep cuffs, which were laid in three horizontal folds, each fold held in place on the outer seam by a button of tinted shell. Similar buttons fastened the front of the basque.

There are many new polonaises shown. Almost all are made with the Marguerite back, although the draping is so slight that in many instances they seem to hang almost flat.

We saw a very unique garment of this kind made of dark bottle-green silk. It was to be worn with a velvet skirt of a similar color. It was made double-breasted, and had two rows of velvet buttons, and a deep velvet collar, with cuffs of similar material. A cording or piping of velvet outlines the seams in the back, and edges the bottom of the garment. A loosely tied sash of velvet is fastened to the side seams, and hangs somewhat to the left side.

The hat to be worn with this costume was so marked, that we will describe it. It was of the finest dark green felt, with a high revers. This last lined with the faintest shade of lilac, laid in fine pleats. A bias of velvet bound the edge, and two small ostrich plumes, well curled, were placed at the back, falling over to the front. A shaded twig of lilac shot with green, and a cluster of pale blush color and lilac chrysanthemums tied together, and having flexible rubber stems, completed the trimming. The flowers were placed low down under the brim, on the left side, and the wing somewhat to the right, at the back.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We have seen some charming Martha Washington handkerchiefs of twilled silk and Cluny lace insertion, edged with a row of the Cluny lace edging. The ends were long, and tied loosely about the neck.

Breast-pins and scarf-pins of pointed porcelain, set in French gold, are very fashionable—some are quite large.

New veils of plain black tulle, are simply trimmed and finished by a row of fine jet beads at the top. They are worn quite large.

Scarfs of twilled silk, fringed at the bottom, are considered very stylish.

We have seen some very elegant cloaks in velvet and cloth, with deep Dolman capes, trimmed with fringes and the heavy braids now in vogue.

Belts of shell to match setts of that material, are shown in overlapping folds resembling scales. They are very pretty.

The newest gloves are of pale fawn color, and a dark mouse color. They are most fashionable when of undressed kid, and with from three to four buttons.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. NELLIE WHITNEY.—Received your order, and will send by next mail.

MRS. A. GORE.—We have sent paper pattern desired, by Monday's mail, 1st inst. Hope it will prove all you wish.

KITTIE M.—Yes, embroidery is still very fashionable, but not intermingled with jet.

MRS. KATE LEBLANC.—We can very easily procure the suit you desire; but since you ask our advice, we will candidly give it. We think a black cashmere would be more useful to you than blue or green. We would suggest putting some new flounces on your black silk skirt, and you can wear cashmere overdresses with it. Get a black felt, and trim with velvet. The English walking hat would be more becoming to you, if your face is shaped as you say. Have a long black feather, or two tips and a bright wing. NIXON.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A PERCH of stone is generally 24¾ cubic feet, it being stone 16½ feet long 1 foot deep and 1½ inch thick. In some places, before it is laid, a perch is reckoned as 25 feet, after it is laid, 22 feet.

THE centre of the population of the United States is said to have traveled westward, keeping curiously near the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, never getting more than twenty miles north, nor two miles south of it. In eighty years it has traveled only four hundred miles, and is still found nearly fifty miles eastward of Cincinnati.

AN engine has been invented in Paris which is driven by the alternate expansion and contraction of oil or some other liquid contained in cylinders. The liquid is heated so as to expand by the application of hot water passing through small tubes, and cooled so as to contract by means of a refrigerating mixture similarly applied.

A POPULAR science monthly informs the world that, "If a man fall asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue, not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the root of the tongue; and, if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." The meaning of this is, that "if a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when he is asleep, he will snore," and anything but a scientific paper would have said so.

ACCORDING to the *Revue Industrielle*, the best method of rendering faded manuscript legible consists in moistening the paper first with water, and then dipping it in a solution of sulphohydrate of ammonia. The ink is said to reappear immediately, becoming very distinct, and remaining permanent on parchment. Certain parchments treated in this way ten years ago still maintain their legibility. This result is due to the fact that by the action of sulphohydrate of ammonia the iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed into a very black sulphuret.

HOW TO MOUNT CHROMOS.—Procure a piece of binder's or other strong pasteboard of exactly the size of the picture to be mounted. To this attach the chrome with any smooth paste. Do not use glue for this purpose, as it is apt to soak through the paper. Care should be taken that the picture is laid perfectly flat, and that all wrinkles are smoothed out. When nearly dry cover the face of the chromo with a weak size made of the best white glue. Over this, when dry, lay on varnish which must be perfectly clear and pure. Chromos thus prepared will not need to be covered with glass for preservation, but may be treated in the same manner as oil paintings.

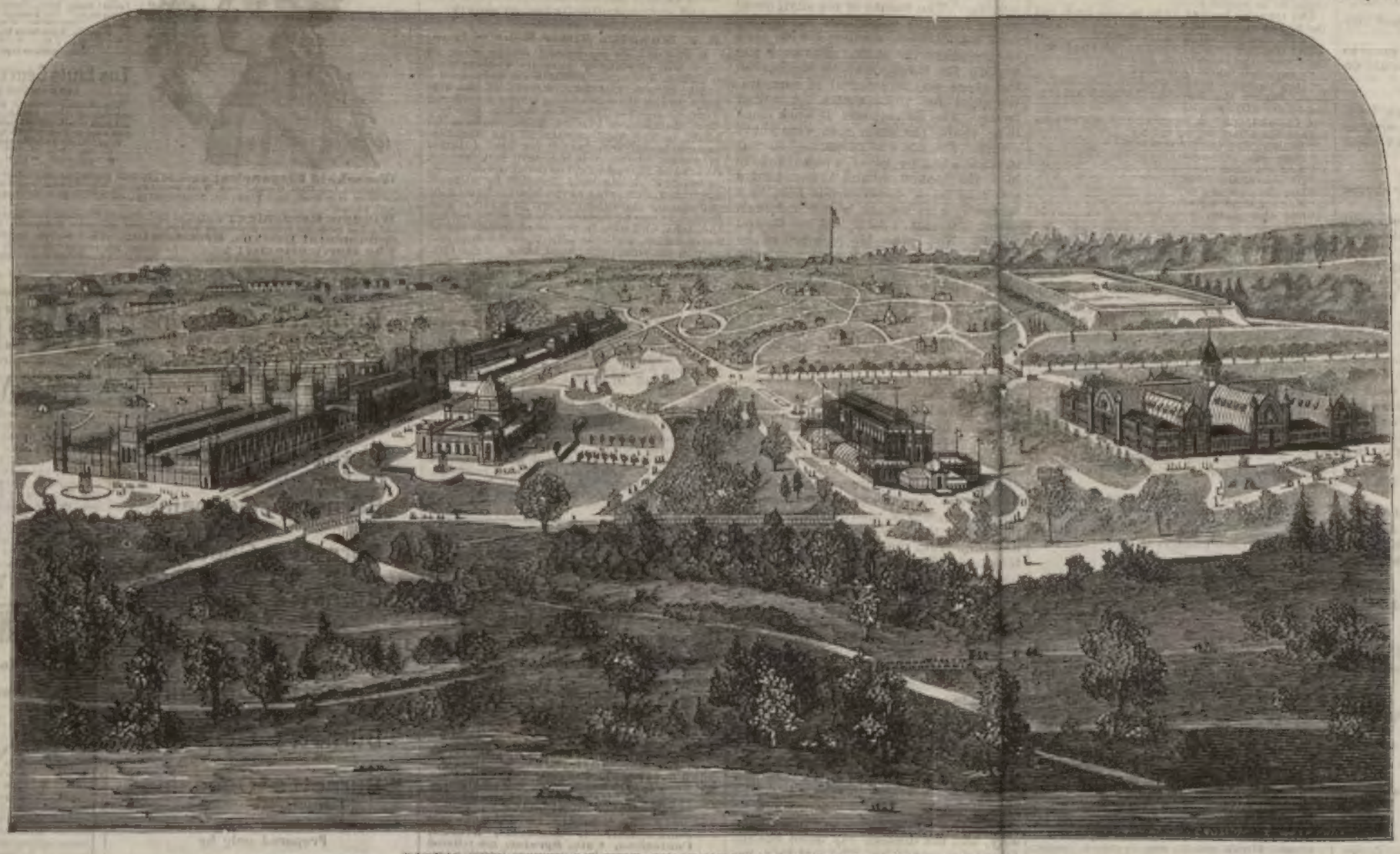
A NEW SYSTEM OF PLASTERING.—Builders, owners and tenants of city houses will doubtless view with interest a new system of plastering, which is claimed to prevent the sudden and disastrous downfall of ceilings, so frequently occasioned by defects in the water-pipes and consequent leakage or overflow. The invention consists of replacing the scratch coat and brown coat used in ordinary work by the combination of fibro-ligneous sheets with a cement composed of lime, sand and plaster. The sheets are of a fabric resembling coarse bagging, which is secured to the lathing, and the cement is supplied in the ordinary way. A hard finish coating completes the work.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS.

This illustration will give the readers of the POST some conception of the colossal dimensions of Fairmount Park and the Centennial Buildings. They have spread out before them, as it were, the whole of the two hundred and fifty acres of the Park, which will be covered with buildings, fountains, statues, gardens, pavilions, and hundreds of thousands of people, and will be better able than ever before to realize the comprehensiveness and grandeur of the coming Exposition.

The grounds on which the Centennial Buildings are situated have an elevation above the river of about one hundred feet. On the left of our illustration are the Main Exhibition Building, 1880 feet long, and the Machinery Hall, 1402 feet long, standing on the same line, 350 feet apart, but connected by a covered way. These two buildings, therefore, present an almost continuous frontage of 3882 feet—about three-quarters of a mile long! The Art Gallery stands on a commanding plateau a little to the right of the Main Exhibition Building; the Horticultural Hall, in the centre of the picture, an extremely ornate and commodious building, designed in the Moorish architecture of the twelfth century, and replete with the richest coloring and decoration; and to the extreme right is to be seen the Agricultural Hall, on which department of the Exposition special care and pains have been lavished, so as to ensure the most satisfactory prospects. The agricultural interests of our country so far transcend all others in importance as to compel such result.

Besides these main buildings, of which we have in previous issues of the POST given detailed descriptions, there will be numerous minor buildings, auxiliary structures, which will form of themselves no inconsiderable feature of the Exposition, and which will contribute greatly to its appearance, by filling up the barren gap between the larger structures. Most of the foreign nations who have announced their intention to take part will erect buildings and offices for their respective commissions. These buildings will, in most instances, represent the style of architecture most in vogue in the different countries. Nearly all the States and Territories of the Union propose to erect pavilions for the convenience of their commissioners and citizens. The Women's Pavilion, to be located within a short distance of Horticultural Hall, will be an exceedingly picturesque and appropriate structure. It is to be specially devoted to the exhibition of women's work in all its branches. In addition to these we may briefly enumerate the United States Government Buildings, the Photographers' Building, the Southern Building, the Jury Pavilion, and a number of other buildings which will be put up by private parties for their own business.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS, PHILADELPHIA.

A YANKEE THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Into the kitchen the pumpkins were rolled,
Round and plump and yellow as gold;
Then cut into pieces of very small size,
Stewed and sifted and made into pies.
With crust white and flaky, with plenty of spice,
Baked brown as a berry—what could be so nice?

The rye and Indian was made into bread,
And soaked till the brown was almost a red,
The pork and beans were put in a dish,
And baked to suit an epicure's wish.
And meat and currants and raisins were chopped,
Till it seemed as if mincing would never be stopped.

The farmer went ruthless into the yard—
His stomach was longing, his heart it was hard;
No begging of turkey, of goose, or of duck
Could move him—the chickens gave their last cluck.
"Thanksgiving has come," the old farmer said,
As he lifted his ax, and cut off a head.

The fowls were all dressed and done to a turn,
And what became of them you will soon learn:
They were set in the midst of the festival cheer,
While turnips and onions brought up the rear.
"How brown and how fat," said the farmer, with zest,
Plunging his carving-knife into a breast!

There was eating and drinking, and eating again;
The revelers' stomachs warned them in vain.
The bones of the turkeys were taken away;
The pies and the puddings were set in array;
"Thanksgiving has come," the farmer's wife said,
"For once in the year, you shall all be well fed."

But dinner must end, as every one knows,
Even Thanksgiving dinners come to a close.
One after another, from uncle to niece,
Owned up they were beaten by turkeys and geese.
"Enough," they all cried, while moving away—
"We'll try it again next Thanksgiving Day."

"ACKNOWLEDGE THE CORN."

This phrase is variously accounted for. The following is, we believe, the true history of its origin:

In 1828, Andrew Stewart, M. C., said in a speech, that Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, sent their hay-stacks, corn-fields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale.

Wickliffe, of Kentucky, called him to order, declaring that those States did not send hay-stacks or corn-fields to New York for sale.

"Well," asked Stewart, "what do you send?"

"Why, horses, mules, cattle and hogs."

"Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle and hogs? You feed a hundred dollars worth of hay to a horse, you just animate and get upon the top of your hay-stack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dollars worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market; how much corn does it take at thirty-three cents a bushel to fatten it?"

"Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put that thirty bushels into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market."

Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I *acknowledge the corn.*"

RECONCILIATION.—In parts of Switzerland, when two men have quarrelled with each other, and their friends are anxious to see them reconciled, they endeavor to bring them unawares under the same roof. If the two enemies sit down at the same table they are pledged to peace. They break a piece of bread together, and are friends once more. It would be a good idea if every boy or girl who quarrels with another boy or girl, should "make up," and become reconciled the moment they happen to eat bread together in the same county.

HOW FRANKLIN SECURED A SEAT.

Dr. Franklin owed much of his extraordinary success to his keen insight into human nature and a sagacity that quickly perceived the best and readiest method of obtaining a desired end. To be sure, many of his strategic movements were not always commendable, but they were more humorous than injurious, of which the following is a characteristic specimen:

In the year of 1772 Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia, at every stopping place he was beset with officious inquiries for his name, business, etc., on which he determined to be beforehand with interrogatories in future. At the next tavern he registered himself as Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer not worth a dollar, eighteen years of age, a single man seeking his fortune, etc., and his singular introduction checked all further inquiries, and effectually repulsed the daring propensity of Yankee inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fire-place was surrounded by men so closely packed our traveler could not approach near enough to feel any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled he called out:

"Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Well, then, give my horse a peck."

"What, give your horse oysters?"

"Yes," retorted Franklin; "give him a peck of oysters."

The hostler carried out the oysters, and many of the occupants of the fire-place went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself comfortably before the fire and derived much satisfaction and enjoyment from the funny experiment. Soon the man came in, and the company with rueful faces expressed most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment.

"The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cosy, comfortable, warm seats.

"Well, if the horse won't eat them, I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."

WHAT NEW YORK CITY CONSUMES.

It has been estimated that the daily food consumed in New York costs $1,500,000, and this includes only the solid articles of food, milk, sugar, coffee, tea, and similar things being omitted. There are over a million mouths to be fed, it is true, yet the figures seem large. New Yorkers consume between 5,000 and 8,000 hams a week, and 1,500 tons of poultry of various kinds. About 3,000 bushels of oysters and 500 bushels of clams are daily consumed, and not far from 14,000 bushels of potatoes. On the average, 1,000,000 eggs are used every day. Then they are said to eat 10,000 frogs every week, 325,000 pounds of butter, 800,000 pounds of cheese, and something like 60,000 cattle of all kinds, and the amount of venison and game we will not attempt to detail. Friday being the best "fish day," the consumption of fish on a Friday is given by a competent authority as follows: Haddock, 200,000 pounds; 30,000 codfish, 15,000 bluefish, 2,000 striped bass, 20,000 fresh mackerel, 100,000 halibut, 2,000 Spanish mackerel, 9,500 refrigerated salmon, 25,000 miscellaneous fish, such as butter-fish and weak-fish, 100,000 pounds of lobsters, 200 gallons of scallops, 200 dozen soft crabs, 1,000 pounds of green turtle for soups and steaks.

NEVER be above your business, no matter what calling it may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work, quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there is no shame about any honest calling.

POSTSCRIPTS.

AN Indiana saloon-keeper made a bad mistake when he advertised "Unapproachable Baltimore Oysters!"

A WESTERN governor, when he saw the extent of the Centennial Buildings, exclaimed, "Thunder and lightning!" and sat down upon a pile of boards to collect himself.

THE success of the Centennial Exhibition is now assured. A fifteen pound potato from South America and a sixty-four pound cucumber from Arkansas are to be exhibited; and many other specimens of the fine arts are promised.

CHINESE remedies are decidedly simple and practical. A Chinese dentist says as long as you keep a bit of ignited charcoal applied to the sole of your foot you will cease to feel the pain of a toothache. And no doubt this is so; but what does he prescribe to ease the pain of the burned foot?

WHEN Tomaso Salvini came to America, rumor had it that his proper name was Thomas Sullivan. Tom Karl, the tenor, it is insinuated, is likewise a Hibernian, whose rightful cognomen is Thomas Carroll. The latest development, so says a facetious contemporary, is that Signor Carlo Rosa is Charley Ross in disguise.

THE following simple precaution is suggested by a Western exchange: In retiring for the night spread newspapers loosely upon the stairways and in front of the doorways and windows. The noise produced at the dead of night by treading on crackling newspapers, or attempting to remove them from the pathway, be the burglar ever so stealthy and expert, is sufficient to give almost any sleeper notice of the presence and whereabouts of the midnight foe.

"BLUE TEAR," whatever they may be, are promised among the novel social entertainments of the season. We have heard of green, black and Oolong teas, but blue, never. Yet when we consider the feelings of some fashionable people, occasioned by the low condition of their bank account, we should fancy "Blue Tears" a very appropriate title for entertainments. Like the man in the light-house, however, who wanted to be mentally illuminated, we "watch and wait."

THE elasticity of the French people is admirable. The last war and the loss of two provinces have strengthened France rather than weakened her. The statistics of commerce before and after the war prove that the custom receipts have steadily increased during the past three years. The balance of imports and exports for last year shows a surplus of 7,026,000,000 francs, or 1,600,000,000 more than during the year of 1869, the last year of the empire. Thus far the result of the republican experiment seems to be favorable.

WOMEN are treated with becoming consideration in Michigan. At the Eaton county fair, recently, they were awarded the following premiums: To the girl, not over twenty, who showed the best sample of mending, Miss Emma Robb, five dollars; to the woman with the longest hair, Miss Viola Hems, being three feet and nine inches in length, five dollars; to the woman who had been the longest without a new dress, Alice Fuller, ten dollars; to the girl who made the best bread, Allie Roiser, five dollars; to the prettiest baby under three years, Mrs. O. P. Shuler's, five dollars. The premium offered to the best speller, the politician who never told a lie, the wife who never scolded her husband, and the handsomest woman, had no competitors.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—The rank and file in the Prussian army are miserably paid and equally badly fed, according to an English authority. The only ration which a private soldier receives in peace is 1¼ lb. of coarse bread. His pay is 36 thalers, or about two dollars and a half a month. From this a deduction of 1½ groschen, or about three cents a day is made for messing; and to this is added an allowance made by government, which varies according to the garrison, and is fixed quarterly. On the whole it may be said that each German soldier has a bowl of gruel or coffee in the morning, and one meal in the middle of the day provided for him; also that he has about five cents remaining over from his pay to provide his supper.

SCIENCE is fostered in Siam, not merely by the Government, but by the direct personal example and encouragement of the King, who takes great interest in astronomy and mineralogy. During the recent eclipse telescopes were set up on the lawn in front of the palace, and, as totality approached, the King made a speech to the royal family, explaining the theory of eclipses and their importance in astronomical science. He then observed the phenomenon, and took sketches and notes, while one of the princes took photographs of the corona, and these are said to be as good as those taken in the English observatory. A number of instruments have been ordered from England, and, as the Siamese show considerable interest in photography, it is quite probable that valuable work may be done in their country. The King's body guard have been instructed in surveying. The King has a large collection of minerals, and a laboratory in which he makes his analyses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Manly Honor. "My Soul is Dark." A Word Lost. True to the Last. A Flirt's Punishment. Found Out. How She Lost Him. Marian Hastings.

MILLIE.—Where a man and woman have antagonistic religious views, and so decided as in the case you mention, it would be unadvisable for them to marry each other.

M. M. W.—We do not know what a young girl can do with such a stupid lover as yours, except to wait patiently for more brilliant developments.

S. D. (Luserne, Pa.)—The gentleman must be one of those selfish, small-minded persons, whom it is not worth your while trying to conciliate. Let him remain "mad," if he has chosen to take offence.

CURIOUS.—We treat every communication that we receive as strictly confidential, and it is utterly useless for any one to attempt to ascertain what another person has written to us, or who it is that asks any particular question; hence, you will not be surprised at not being informed who asked the question about which you inquire.

NORAH.—You should balance the advantages and disadvantages by marrying, weigh well your duties to your little sisters and brothers, and then do what your maturest judgment tells you will be for the best of all. No stranger can decide such a question for you, and with the very best intentions and wishes to aid you, we must decline taking upon ourselves such a responsibility.

S. G. H. (Beaver, Pa.)—The "Martello Towers," which you inquire about, are a line of round towers, built of massive stone, erected at the time that Napoleon the First was threatening England with invasion. They extend along the line of the coasts of Kent and Sussex, which face the coast of France, at the distance of about one mile apart. They are each surrounded with a deep moat or ditch, over which a drawbridge swung on chains leads into the tower.

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE POST.—We are delighted to hear that our Chromo is so greatly admired not only, you say, by the members of your own family, but by those of your friends who have seen it. When we selected it, we were sure that it was a long way ahead of any chromo that had ever been given by a paper, and that it was just the very one for the Centennial year. That we were right in our judgment, the many letters, such as yours, which we are daily receiving are a most gratifying evidence.

F. E. L. (Ionia, Mich.)—There is nothing in this world that ensures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait a long time as a general thing; a little assistance, a little recommendation, a little influence, is not to be had always for the asking, but there is always something you can do for yourself. Good honest pluck and sensible independence are a dower in themselves to any woman, and there are plenty of sensible men who know it. Independence makes no woman less loving; the most helpful women are the fondest and the truest.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—In preparing a manuscript for publication, let your slips of paper be a little longer than, say, note paper, and only write on one side. The neater the manuscript the better chance it will experience of being read by the editor or publisher to whom it may be submitted. You should, therefore, be very careful with the punctuation, and the insertion of the inverted commas in the proper places.

E. C. W. (Hurlington.)—Your question does not properly come within the scope of this department, and we wish it distinctly understood that we do not answer any such questions as a rule. In your case, we will deviate, just this once, from our custom, on consideration of your being such an old friend of the POST. Your question is as follows: "Two men, A and B, take a contract to dig one hundred rods of ditch for $100, or a dollar a rod. One end of the ditch being easier to dig than the other, A proposes to begin at that end and dig it for 12½ cents per rod less than B, who begins at the opposite end. How much will each have to dig to get $50, they being equal partners?" A would have to dig fifty-three and one-twentieth rods, and B forty-six and nineteen-twentieths rods.

MAUDE.—We are very sorry indeed to read your confession that you have allowed yourself to fall in love with a gentleman of whose sentiments towards yourself you are so much in doubt as to even fear that he does not and never did return your love. There is nothing that leads to such great misery, and too often to lasting disappointment and grief, as this very thing of young girls (or older ones, too, for that matter) allowing their affections to become fastened upon persons to whom they have no business to allow them to extend. We know well enough that love is not always under the control of the reason and will, but while we admit that the heart cannot be absolutely governed by the head, it may be to a great extent, and the effort should always be made to keep it in subjection. So much of unhappiness results from falling in love where there is no prospect or probability of its return, as in your case for instance, it should be most carefully guarded against, and where it has unhappily taken root, it should be eradicated, at whatever cost of peace of mind it may be.

W. C. P. (Madison, O.)—Our opinion on the matter is that a lady and gentleman should not make each other presents, nor yet exchange *cartes de visite*, unless they are engaged. And now we must give you a few words on the subject of your postscript, which is "Please excuse all imperfections. I write this in a hurry, and have not time to read it over." Such a request as this is by no means uncommon in our experience, especially from the young, and we think it is our duty to express our strong disapprobation of this habit of doing things in such a hurry as not to do them carefully and well. It is all wrong, all a mistake. If you have not time to correct a letter, do not send it. In the first place, take time to write it as well as you can, and then *take* the time to read it over very deliberately, and correct the mistakes, if you have made any. If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you ever had to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it. Then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more does depend upon the manner in which things seemingly trivial are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well. Make that the rule of your life, and live up to it.

F. McF. (Philadelphia.)—"Can you explain to me the manner in which the business of selling bonds, etc., in Wall street, New York, for instance, is carried on; or is it only known to the initiated?" Not at all; the manner in which these operations are carried on is by no means a secret. It is in fact nothing more or less than a gambling operation, when you look into it. It is a bet that a particular bond will be higher or lower by a certain time. The "bulls" immediately go to work to raise that bond in the market. The other party, the "bears," go to work to depreciate it. No money whatever is put up on the transactions, except what is called the "margin," which is a sum sufficient to cover any reasonable difference between the actual price of the bond and what it may be on the day of settlement. The bond itself does not change hands. In seventy-five cases out of a hundred, at least, neither party has ever owned nor expects to own a bond. This business of speculating in bonds, buying when they are quoted low and selling when the prices are advanced, is a very dangerous one for any one who is not thoroughly acquainted with the whole subject to venture on; he would be pretty certain to come out at the wrong end, and to bitterly rue the day that he was tempted by any inducement, however flattering, to try any such risky experiment.

MISCELLANEOUS.—NELLIE.—You may do a good deal in six months. The other is a trade, requiring two or three years' practice before you can be perfect. H. B. B.—What you call black spots on the skin are simply the filling up of the pores with the perspiration. A good hard towel and plenty of soap and water are the best remedy. J. E. (Clinton, Iowa.)—The answer to which you allude was perfectly correct. 2. If you are of a good constitution the daily use of dumb-bells could not possibly injure you. THOMAS J.—"Precis Writing" means making abstracts, condensations, or analysis. T. O. (New Lyme.)—Have you any proof of such a method having ever been successfully practised? CHLIE.—You are acting very properly. It does not answer at all to be "free and easy" in your manner towards gentlemen. T. M.—A parvenu means a new man, an interloper, an upstart.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*